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DETECTIVE STORY

The MAN in ROOM Nº 7

BY CHARLES F. OURSLER

READ "FOUR TEN DOLLAR BILLS," OUT JULY 1ST

MYSTERY MAGAZINE

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THE MAN IN ROOM NO. 7

By CHARLES FULTON OURSLER

CHAPTER ONE

A PROBLEM FOR THE POLICE.

MR SOLOMON MORGENSTERN gazed affectionately, not to say lovingly, at the neat rows of figures in his cashbook. Business was going at a terrific gait; so swiftly, indeed, as to kindle into lighted points the little eyes of Solomon Morgenstern; to wreathe his moon-like countenance into a beatific smile. It was inaugural week in Washington, and Solomon Morgenstern was owner, proprietor and manager of the Garrison Hotel. It was enough to make a wooden Indian smile. Every room in his caravansary was occupied, or reserved, with cash paid in advance. Prices such as the most piratical profiteer never dreamed of in war days were being paid for by the hundreds of thousands of merry-makers swarming into the capital from the jammed gateways of Union Station.

Thus it was in a purring voice of unwonted amiability that Solomon said "Come in," when a knock was tapped on the door to his miniature retreat. With a quiet but suave and urbane flourish of his fat, beringed hand he invited in the newcomer, and actually kicked forward a chair with a big foot and thrust forth a stout cigar.

"Come in, Jerrold," he squeaked. "As a house detective, I think you are one dingled good pinochle player, hein? Haw! Haw! Haw!"

Jerrold smiled agreeably at the unwonted humor of his employer, accepted the cigar, which he prudently tucked away in his vest pocket, and sat down. While Solomon enjoyed his guffaw, Jerrold sat looking at him steadily and waiting for him to be quiet.

"I am leaving to-night," he said at length.

"Leaving? What for, for gosh sake?" squealed Solomon. Having your house detective leave you, right in the midst of the inaugural throng, is bad business. Solomon gasped for breath. "Is this a hold-up for a salary raise higher yet?" he demanded in a shocked and injured tone.

"No," replied Jerrold. "You must remember, Mr. Morgenstern, that when I accepted this position with you some three months ago, I stated that it might be necessary to leave rather suddenly. That exigency has now arisen. You have treated me rather decently here, and I want to be frank with you. I am called away on what is really an important matter. To be candid, I am something in the world just a little bit more important than a hotel house detective. I have been remaining here because it enabled me to direct more important work here in the capital. If you won't mind the egotism, I have something of an international reputation as a detective."

This astounding information had a gratifying effect upon Solomon. The idea that he had had working for him a very famous sleuth tickled all his fat and oleaginous vanity, until he smiled in spite of himself. Half-cocking his little eyes, he raised an overgrown forefinger and wiggled it waggishly at Jerrold.

"I bet you was going to the inaugural ball to-night, hein?" he roared.

Jerrold gave a startled jump from his chair, raised both hands in sudden warning and hushed Solomon into an apoplectic silence. Jerrold's face was shocked. It was plain that he regarded the indiscretion seriously, for he tiptoed to the door and glanced out to see if any one had apparently overheard. But to all intents and purpose there was no one who had caught Solomon's words.

"Whatever my plans are," Jerrold continued with a severe asperity which was not lost on the awed Solomon, "they begin at six this evening, at which time I hope you will relieve me. If you will telephone one of the agencies, I am sure that you can secure a man temporarily, in spite of the rush, and besides I don't imagine you will have any need for a detective at this time, anyhow. There hasn't even been a case of petty larceny in the three months I've been here."

"It should live so," was Solomon's retort, and the detective left him in better humor than he had hoped.

It developed, however, that Jerrold's estimate of peace and quiet in the Hotel Garrison that day was altogether unfounded.

It was about ten in the morning when Jerrold informed Solomon of his sudden decision to leave his employ. Not half an hour later things began to develop in the lobby and elsewhere.

Jerrold, apparently perusing a copy of the morning *Herald*, observed a rather sharply individualized man approach the registration desk. His clothes, the cut of his hair, the swagger of his manner, the bold glance of his eye, were sufficiently radical to set him at once apart from the crowd. Jerrold observed him closely. He was very tall and thin, with a face whose profile was carved like the rugged outline of an ill-used hatchet. Beneath his gray bushy brows blazed a pair of hot-burning eyes, eternally at challenge with all upon which it gazed. His clothes were too big for him; they dangled, rather than clung, yet they were of a most expensive worsted. His hair was trimmed below the edge of his collar, where it was tufted in a thick gray growth; it tangled over his temples, and gave to his face, with its cheeks hacked in hollows, his high, proud nose and his sharp, sarcastic mouth, the air of a man tired with a long struggle, haggard and yet determined.

"Have you a reservation for Mr. Trang?" he demanded, his voice hard, brittle and as domineering as a second lieutenant.

"Trang?" murmured the clerk. "Trang? Yes, sir! Front! Show the gentleman to Room No. 7!"

"One moment—if you please," snapped Trang, as the clerk was shoving the registry book forward. "Just one moment. I'll register when I'm through talking to you. Has a cheap trunk, printed with green and yellow stripes, come to this hotel this morning—addressed to nobody in particular?"

"No!" gasped the astonished clerk. "We never have trunks come here painted with green and yellow stripes—and we never have trunks come here without somebody's name on them!"

Trang bent forward, resting gaunt elbows on the marble-top counter and thrusting his face forward until his nose almost rubbed that of the intimidated little clerk.

"Well, you look here," he barked; "there is such a trunk coming here, understand—with lots of green stripes and lots of yellow stripes all over it, and all the address there's going to be on it is this hotel—no individual address; do you get that? And when it comes, it's for me. Do you get that? And I want it brought right up to my room without one minute's delay—don't forget that, neither!"

The blond little clerk, who had angelic blue eyes and supported two maiden aunts and their terrier, nodded up and down a great many times in affirmative confirmation of his complete grasp of these instructions, and supplemented these gesticulatory assurances with a feeble, "All right," uttered like the chirping of a hypnotized sparrow in front of a cobra. This apparently satisfied Mr. Trang, who thereupon withdrew his nose from the immediate proximity of the clerk's face, suffered a pen to be offered him and affixed the single name, "Trang," barren of all initials and also of the place from which he had come, on the current page. After which he received a letter from the clerk, favored the observant Jerrold with an insulting glance and followed the

bell-boy to the elevator, which was to bear him to Room No. 7.

When his legs disappeared upward behind the iron grill work of the lift shaft, Jerrold grinned at the clerk, who was fanning himself with a railroad timetable.

"Wonder what's up?" he remarked. "I just imagine a little watching wouldn't hurt that bird. I'm leaving to-night, and I think I might as well tip off the secret service boys about him. Acted very much like a crank, don't you think? And we don't want cranks in Washington when we've got a new president to inaugurate, eh?"

The clerk devoutly agreed, and turned to give his attention to other newcomers who had bustled up in a gale of perfume and smiles. In spite of his desire to get to the telephone, Jerrold couldn't move away from the spot just at that moment. He had to remain there and look—to stop and gaze upon those two red-headed young women, with peach-like complexions and lake-blue eyes, who were both asking the harried little clerk at one and the same time if they had reservations.

"The Misses Helen and Betty Glade," explained the apparently younger of the two. "We arranged for them two weeks ago!"

The clerk found them and yelled "Front" with some degree of restored self-confidence, which was blown to atoms at the next moment when the older auburn-haired Miss Glade inquired: "Have you received a trunk, painted with green and yellow stripes and without any address, to be left until called for? It belongs to us!"

The harassed little clerk blinked and tapped his fingers on the desk and stuck his tongue in his cheek and shifted from one foot to the other at this unexpected statement, while Jerrold came a step nearer, keenly interested in the second act of the little comedy.

"You say that you expect a trunk—with green and yellow stripes—and without an address—and that it belongs to you?" repeated the clerk weakly.

"That's right," answered the taller of the red-headed girls. "It belongs to us, and don't you dare let anybody else get it!"

"But the man in Room No. 7——" fluttered the clerk, and there he ended in a futile flutter of words, for the observant Jerrold had stepped forward, his voice loud and harsh, utterly downing out the softened phrases of the puzzled little man behind the counter.

"No such trunk has arrived here," he assured the girls. "If it does come you may rest assured it will reach you safely."

The girls beamed at him, and then, pirouetting around, sped off behind the bell-boy, who staggered beneath a load of bags, hat-boxes and miscellaneous personal effects, not the least disconcerting of which was a bird-cage. As they disappeared into the same rising lift that had carried the eccentric Trang aloft, Jerrold grinned humorously.

"Gee," he remarked inelegantly, "I begin to feel sorry I'm leaving so soon. I had better telephone the secret service boys quick, because I have a hunch now there is going to be something doing."

Unfortunately for the kind intentions of Jerrold, something was destined again to delay him. It was the arrival of a third new-comer, in his way as remarkable as Trang and the Misses Glade, whose names had recently been written on the day sheet. Remarkable, that is, for his condition, if not for his ordinary appearance. He was a young man, with clear-cut features, eyes of compelling power and the bearing of a man accustomed to prompt obedience when he commanded. This was evidenced in the assured glance of his eye and the carriage of his body, in spite of the fact that his head was rudely bandaged and his clothes bore unmistakable traces of having been dragged in mud and torn by rocks. His dignity, however, was not affected by this evident display of distress, and when he spoke his voice was clear and firm.

"Have you reservations for Mr. Warren—Childs Warren?" he asked.

The clerk skimmed over his tabs, and promptly reported that the reservation was in readiness.

"Excellent. Thank you." He bent over the registry, and while carefully inscribing his signature continued in a low, firm voice: "I was in a little auto smash-up, and hence I came on in a taxi, without my baggage. However, it will follow shortly—a trunk with no address on it except this hotel, I believe, but you won't have any difficulty in recognizing it. There will be green and yellow stripes painted all over it. Please have it sent to my room immediately it arrives!"

Saying which, he followed the bell-boy, leaving a clerk almost ready to swoon and a house detective with a keenly puzzled, not to say worried, look on his face. Such bizarre happenings on the eve of a presidential inaugural should not be overlooked. Here were three separate guests, all claiming an anonymous trunk, with green and yellow stripes. Yet Jerrold was not ready to remain behind and see things through—he had a little affair of his own which he could not, under any circumstances, afford to ignore. Still determined to telephone the secret service boys, he walked over to the switchboard, and arrived there just in time to hear the blondined little pagan who ran the cords and switches burst into a merry peal of laughter as she disconnected.

"What do you think of that?" she giggled. "The man in Room No. 7 is inquiring about a trunk with green and yellow stripes, and he also wants a bag of salt, a black hairpin and a Henderson desk edition dictionary sent to his room at once!"

"Is that so?" asked Jerrold, all eagerness in an instant. "Say, that's a darn queer combination. What does a man want a bag of salt, a hairpin and a dictionary sent to his room for?"

"You tell 'um, Adams; I can't express myself,"

tittered the operator, returning to her copy of "Crazy Stories."

But to Jerrold it was far from being a laughing matter. There was something in the wind. He began to wonder if it would be the best course for him to leave the Garrison Hotel immediately, after all. Besides, another thought made him ponder about calling secret service headquarters—perhaps it would be better if he waited a while and got more facts. And as he pondered the little brass catch dropped, and a buzzing summoned the operator from her intellectual occupation back to her job.

"Office!" she cooed airily, and then listened intently, until a look of amazement almost cracked the enamel from her cheeks. "What's that? Oh, gee; oh, gosh; oh, gosh; oh, gee—all right!"

She jerked the cord out viciously as she turned and faced Jerrold belligerently.

"Ain't that the limit?" she flared. "Some jane up in 488 is got the nerve to call down here and say she wants some salt and a dictionary. I guess she don't want no hairpin!"

In spite of himself Jerrold chuckled. However mysterious these singular coincidences appeared, there was certainly a comic element mixed up in them, and wonderful though it may seem Jerrold, the house detective, did have a sense of humor.

"Send out the boy and oblige both of them," he counseled, and settled himself to wait, with an ingrowing conviction that the bandaged gentleman who had arrived so shortly before would be the next to call for salt, hairpin and dictionary. Indeed, the buzzer sounded not three minutes later, and the look on the girl's face as he answered the call told him all he needed to know. As a simple matter of fact, Mr. Childs Warren was on the phone, demanding those three so widely unrelated objects. But further persiflage between Jerrold and the operator was prevented by the flopping approach of an almost exhausted desk clerk. The little man looked all in. He could barely force his tongue to tell what he had to say.

"It's—it's—it's here!" he gasped weakly, hanging to Jerrold's arm.

"What's where?" grated Jerrold harshly, shaking him to his feet.

"The trunk with the green and yellow stripes!" cried the clerk. "It's in the middle of the lobby floor right now!"

Jerrold waited for no more. Shaking himself free, he stalked from behind the switchboard desk and strode down a narrow corridor which opened into the main lobby. His eye instantly affirmed the truth of the clerk's message. Undoubtedly there was a trunk in the middle of the lobby—a cheap trunk, such as immigrants bring with them into this country; an humble, self-effacing trunk originally, but now shrieking in its wide bands of green and yellow paint, daubed on the sides, on the top, on the bottom, on the ends, criss-cross and up and down, until the whole effect was more like a cubist painting of a spring pastoral than a clothes box. Green was almost everywhere on its surface, except where there was yellow, and there was yellow wherever the eye looked. It hurt the detective's eyes just to look at it.

"What are you going to do with it now?" asked the clerk in an awed undertone.

Without replying, Jerrold beckoned the bell hop, who at his command dragged the trunk, which was surprisingly heavy, into the elevator. Directing the boy to operate the car, Jerrold ascended to the next floor, on which was Room No. 7, to which the eccentric Trang had so positively commanded that the trunk be brought.

"He was the first to claim it, and, by thunder, his orders shall be carried out," muttered Jerrold grimly, and had the boy drag the trunk to the threshold of Room No. 7. There he rapped briskly. But to all his rapping there was no response, not though he beat heavily on the door with his fists.

Yet Jerrold knew that but a few minutes before a call had come from the room, that Trang had ordered salt, a hairpin and a dictionary sent to his room, and that the bell-hop had actually delivered them. Surely he should be in there, utilizing in some mysterious way those oddly assorted articles, yet, though he pounded again, there came no response from behind the door of Room No. 7.

Jerrold fumbled in his pockets, seeking for the master-key which he usually carried on his person and which would admit him instantly into any room in the house. But it was missing; evidently he must have mislaid it, for he fumbled about desperately and did not find it.

"Boy," he said to the hovering bell-hop, "go down and find Mr. Morganstern. Tell him to come up here at once with a master-key. All this business looks fishy to me. I'm going to enter this room."

Away raced the youth, and Jerrold again turned to the door. And as he faced it an amazing thing happened!

One of the thick panels of the carved oak door swung back on concealed hinges. Like a man in a dream Jerrold beheld it, while his startled mind tried to understand how there could be a secret panel in an ordinary hotel room door. Before he could really comprehend that such a marvel was being wrought before his eyes, two hands were thrust through the opening.

Two long, hairy hands reached out, clutching at his throat—two massive, gnarled and twisted hands, flexed with murderous strength! They seized the detective's throat and closed with a fearful, maniacal strength, until he crumpled beneath the shock.

But Jerrold was a man of enormous physical strength. The first shock over, he hurled himself forward and back again, his feet braced against the door, his hands struggling against the grip of his concealed enemy. All the power that was

left in him he concentrated in one mighty effort, and gasping and infuriated he hurled himself free.

The struggle had lasted but a moment. Now the secret panel slammed shut behind a shaking pair of brutal fists. Like a raging bull, the infuriated detective hurled himself against the barred door.

It was less than five minutes after this that the puffing and anxious Solomon Morgenstern appeared beside the exhausted Jerrold.

"Gewald!" he wheezed in alarm. "What iss?"

In a rapid undertone Jerrold related his adventure, and from the trembling hand of the hotel owner received the master-key. This duty performed, Morgenstern retreated to a safe distance, admiring the hardy courage of the detective, who strode up to the door and without more ado fitted the key quickly into the lock, holding himself out of reach of another attack, and then turned it. With his foot he kicked in the door, and with drawn revolver rushed in.

The little room gaped before them—empty!

In the sudden surprise of this unexpected development Jerrold rushed to the bathroom, and then hurled back the closet door, looked under the bed, and then rushed to the window. There another mystery seemed to balk him—for the window was locked on the inside!

How could any one have escaped from that room? There had been some one in there, for Jerrold had fought with him. Jerrold had never ceased guarding the door, yet whoever that mysterious occupant had been, he had now gone—vanished as if, like a puff of smoke, he had dematerialized into air.

Was it Trang? If so, what had he been doing with the salt, the hairpin, the dictionary? The bell-boy who had delivered them was waiting in the hallway now. What singular dread drama had been enacted within this cheaply furnished little hotel bedroom? And what had the trunk to do with the whole strange business—the preponderous trunk, with green and yellow stripes, claimed by three different persons—and yet addressed to no one at all. There lay the trunk before the door of mystery.

"I'm going to have a peep into that trunk, anyway," said Jerrold suddenly. "There's something wrong with that thing!"

It was an easy task to force its cheap lock; its flapping imitation leather straps were not even buckled; in a few short minutes Jerrold had thrown up the lid. The detective and Solomon Morgenstern leaned forward and looked in—the tray had been removed—then the manager darted backward with a hoarse cry.

"What's that?" he quavered.

"It's the body of a man—a dead man," said Jerrold huskily. "And he——"

He stopped, with a terrible look on his face.

"Horrible!" he cried. "It's the man who was waiting for the trunk—and now it contains his own murdered body—still warm!"

He spoke the truth. He had lifted the blood-smeared face and turned it toward the light.

Trang!

CHAPTER TWO

EYES AND BRAINS

"WILL you kindly explain to me what you are doing with our trunk and how you ever dared do such a thing as open it?"

Two young ladies with crimson tresses—and whose complexion was just now somewhat crimson with indignation—stood in the doorway of Room No. 7 and glared at Detective Jerrold and Solomon Morgenstern. They were Helen and Betty Glade. And it did not take a detective to see that they were perturbed.

Jerrold smiled grimly as he beheld them.

"You are the young ladies who were asking for this trunk when you registered," he commented thoughtfully. "Just suppose you come over here and take a glance at its contents and see if you can identify them."

Solomon Morgenstern gasped at such a proposal. On the surface, it had all the appearance of the most savage brutality. Yet Solomon was not such a fool that he could not discern a possible motive in the detective's invitation; the reaction of the young women when they beheld Trang's body might produce some interesting developments. Still, it was with eyes of soulful sympathy that the hotel proprietor saw the two girls start forward toward the trunk, and a grunt of relief bounced unconsciously from his lips when a voice at the doorway spoke:

"Just stop right where you are, young ladies—don't take another step!"

Helen and Betty Glade obeyed, turning completely around to see who it was who so peremptorily gave them orders. Jerrold and Solomon followed their glance, to behold a debonair, smiling young man standing with clasped hands surveying them. He was most decidedly a good-looking young man, fair-haired, blue-eyed, pink-cheeked, altogether boyish in his appearance. He was the last man in the world most people would expect to take orders from—unless, indeed, they scrutinized him closely enough to observe the business-like glint in his eyes, the exceedingly firm set of his mouth and the aggressive angle at which he continually carried a well-boned chin.

"Who in the devil are you?" demanded Jerrold irritably.

"I? Dear me, and what can that possibly have to do with the matter, pray? A man has been murdered. That is important. We've got to find his murderer. That's very important—quite!"

And the young man with the fair hair and the blue eyes and the pink cheeks turned and smiled ingratiatingly at the taller of the red-haired girls

—Miss Helen Glade, as far as Solomon could figure it out—and that Titian-haired young person for all her annoyance about her trunk, and for all her undoubted astonishment when the stranger spoke of murder, smiled back at him from sheer friendliness. He was just that kind of young man. All the young girls he smiled at that way felt friendly on the moment.

"Murder!" repeated Jerrold, with grave emphasis. "I didn't hear any one discussing such a subject as that. We were talking about the disputed ownership of a trunk—that was all. Did I hear you mention such a crime as murder, young fellow?"

The "young fellow" gently tilted his head backward a trifle and smiled knowingly at the grinning gargoyles who bordered the upper part of the wall paper. Something very much like a chuckle was heard in the immediate vicinity of the "young fellow." Suddenly he stepped forward, still smiling and looked Jerrold squarely in the eye.

"Murder is what I said and murder is what I meant," he remarked quietly. "We've got to find the murderer of Tetherington Trang, whose body, stabbed to the heart, now rests in that trunk!"

A suppressed scream came from both Helen and Betty Glade, something like a squeal from Solomon and a hoarse growl from Jerrold. The detective strode forward and clapped a hand on the young stranger's shoulder.

"You're the man I want just now," he grated. "How did you know there was a body in that trunk? How did you know it was Trang's body? How did you know Trang's first name? On the register he merely signed himself 'Trang.' You know too much about this affair—you better spill what you know real quick, or you'll be in hot water. How did you know all those things!"

This time the fair-haired young man more than chuckled; he actually laughed. There was an irritating quality in that laugh of his that made Solomon want to laugh with him, and yet Solomon, for the life of him, could not see anything to laugh at. It was quite a full minute before the young man could control himself sufficiently to reply to Jerrold's angry questions.

"My dear man," he explained, showing his teeth in a dazzling smile that would have made Frank Crummitt envious, "the whole idea is very simple. I simply used my eyes. I recommend that to your attention—use your eyes. It ought to help you in your detective work wonderfully. You see, I came to the door, because I recognized the trunk as mine. It should have been sent to my room as soon as it arrived—I distinctly gave those instructions to the hotel clerk. Do you notice the old-fashioned bureau over there in the corner? Well, look real close and you'll notice there is a very large mirror in there—something like a yard wide. I looked in the mirror, and it reflected very distinctly the body in the trunk, with the knife thrust very plainly in the shirt bosom just over the heart. My eyes couldn't help noticing that, you see. And then I looked around—still using my eyes, note that—and on the small telephone table there by the bed I saw an envelope addressed to 'Tetherington Trang,' and as I had used my eyes also when I registered downstairs I imagined, correctly I am sure, that the dead man must be Tetherington Trang. How does that hit you?"

"You make me sick!" retorted Jerrold, reddening under the stranger's sarcasm, the more particularly because he had distinctly observed the Glade girls actually dimpling with amusement. His eyes had showed him that well enough.

"Not sick, I trust," replied the stranger, with maddening solicitude. "Not sick, with all you've got on your mind. Why, man, you've got to catch 'Lightning Gaines,' the jewel thief, at the inaugural ball. You don't want to fall down on that, you know."

"Shut up!" roared Jerrold. "What do you mean, talking like that? You quit it. Who in hell are you? Sit down there—I'm going to find out about you!"

"About me? Why, what on earth is there to find out about me?"

"There's something mighty queer about this place," growled Jerrold, striving to regain his badly shattered detectorial dignity. There was something about this young man, whether it was impudence or insolence, or effrontery, or superiority or just plain nerve, he couldn't feel quite sure, but whatever it was, it was thoroughly exasperating. Moreover, Jerrold had the uncomfortable feeling that he had met him somewhere before, without being able to decide where or when. He suddenly remembered that by the force of circumstances he had been thrust into the midst of a murder mystery, and for the moment at least was in actual charge of the investigation. All sorts of things remained to be done. The local capital police must be notified, the coroner summoned—and here was a man he didn't know, or at least could not place, displaying an assumption of knowledge that puzzled him, who not only knew but bawled out loud Jerrold's secret mission to capture the jewel thief, "Lightning Gaines," who was expected at the inaugural ball—and Jerrold, in his quandary, didn't know what to do. Added to all these complications was the fact that the stranger was smiling again; and there was something quite akin to derision in the mocking face of the man.

"I'm going to put some questions to you that will give me your number good and quick," announced Jerrold. "Sit down!"

"Pardon me," said the stranger. "Allow me!"

He held out a gloved hand on which rested a tiny bit of white paper, which he offered to Jerrold. The latter snatched at it brusquely and tore it open. He looked at it for a moment, and his red face turned white, his eyes roamed uncertainly around, looking at no one in particular,

and all the cloak of authority which he had worn so austerely dropped from him like a toga from a senator who had just gotten a prescription for hemlock. Humbly and with something like awe, he stared at the fair-haired, youthful man before him.

"Are you Dorian West?" he breathed.

"I am," replied the man, quietly removing his glove. "I am Dorian West, and I purpose to make a quiet little investigation here of my own before we notify the authorities. It will be entirely proper, and I shall take all the responsibility, you may be sure!"

But it was too much for Solomon. His head was dizzy. He stumbled forward like an elephant who has just drank a bucket of home brew.

"Mister," he quavered. "Are you the greatest detective in the world?"

"I am Dorian West," replied the young man simply.

"Dot's one and the same thing," sputtered Solomon. "Oi, but I'm glad you come here. Now, we get somewhere's, maybe!"

He shook his head sagely at Jerrold, who did not seem to appreciate the remark. However, he was spared further comment from his undiplomatic employer by the business-like manner in which Dorian West took immediate command of the situation.

"Mr. Jerrold," he said, "I wish you would enlighten me on what you know about this crime. Be complete, be precise, be concise. Don't tell me your opinions just now. Just your facts. What happened?"

Jerrold, manifestly ill at ease in the presence of the famous Dorian West, a man whose services during the war in capturing spies and later, when employed by big financial institutions during the crime wave in New York, had earned him a reputation truly world wide, told his story. He omitted nothing essential. He described how he had watched Trang arrive and his inquiry about the trunk. He told how the Glade girls, who were attentive listeners now to his recital, had come a moment later, also with a request for the trunk with the green and yellow stripes, and then the later registry of a third young man who had said he was hurt in an automobile accident.

"Yes," smiled Dorian West agreeably. "That was I. It's a great thing to use your eyes in the detective business!"

If Jerrold swore, he did not do it audibly, and so no one heard. He looked like a man ready to be put on a diet of ground glass, two-pronged nails and safety-razor blades. But he stolidly went ahead with his facts. He did not fail to tell of the repeated requests from Trang, from the Glade girls and indeed from Dorian West himself (who had registered as "Childs Warren") for a bag of salt, a hairpin and a copy of Henderson's desk edition dictionary. He went on to describe the arrival of the trunk, how he had grown suspicious and had determined to deliver the trunk to the first man who had asked for it, who happened to be Trang. With some approach to dramatic eloquence, he related the lack of response when he knocked on the door, and then the sudden opening of the panel in the door. To illustrate this, Jerrold examined the door, and finally found the catch which released the panel—a proceeding which appeared vastly to astonish Solomon, who had not known that such a thing existed in his own hotel until Jerrold had told him about it in the hall. Gaining more confidence as he found Dorian West an attentive listener, Jerrold described the entry into the room, their amazement at finding it empty, their decision to open the trunk, and the gruesome discovery that the trunk contained the body of the murdered Trang.

"And then," concluded Jerrold with impressive emphasis, "these two red-headed dames came in on me and put up a howl about not getting their trunk. That looks mighty queer to me."

"Now, just a moment," protested Dorian West in silken tones of mild reproof. "There are a few other points to be cleared up in the story. How did the trunk get in the lobby?"

"How? I don't know!"

"You don't know? And you call yourself a detective? Three people inquiring for an extraordinary trunk painted in an outlandish green and yellow design, all sorts of mysterious telephone calls for salt and a hairpin and a copy of a certain book of words, and you calmly accept the fact that the trunk is in the lobby without another word of inquiry! Where are your eyes, man? Where are your brains? You know that ordinarily trunks are not set down in hotel lobbies—there is a delivery entrance even in small, cheap affairs like this messy place!"

Here Solomon fanned himself and rolled his eyes.

"You know that, Jerrold, as well as I do. Before you did another thing you should have asked the clerk how that trunk got there and who delivered it, and got hold of the man that did deliver it. That was important. Remember, next time. Eyes! Brains!"

Jerrold studied the tip of his boot with great attentiveness. But Dorian West was not minded now to waste further time in telling Jerrold what an incompetent investigator he had found himself to be. He was ready to ask more questions. He turned his attention to the Glade girls.

"What are you doing in Washington?" he demanded. And here his irresistible smile broke again, and Helen Glade smiled back at him again, and her sister Betty smiled, too.

"We can't tell you that," replied Helen instantly.

"You will have to tell before this case is through, and probably under much more unpleasant conditions," he reminded them.

"We can take care of that," Betty broke in. "You might be Dorian West, the great detective

and again you yourself might be the man that killed this poor Trang man, but whoever you are, you can't make us say anything. We'll have to see our lawyer first!"

Dorian West threw back his head in that boyish manner of his and laughed again.

"Real women of the world—right up to tricks," he commented. "Well, now, just let's see what else we can do. Have you searched this room yet—for secret hiding-places, means of escape or anything like that, Jerrold?"

"No," sulked Jerrold. "We haven't had time. You butted in too soon!"

And just then Helen Glade screamed.

"Look out!" she shrieked, seizing Dorian West by the arm and pointing at the window. "Look—look quick—he's going to kill you!"

The window to which she pointed looked out upon a narrow court. Ten feet across there was the window of another room, and standing there now was a masked man with a leveled revolver. He was aiming at Dorian West.

"Dodge him!" screamed Helen again, trying to drag the detective out of range, while Solomon Morgenstern scrambled to his knees, crawling toward a bed, and Jerrold sprang toward a sheltering corner.

"Let him shoot!" laughed Dorian West.

At that moment the man fired. The explosion rang through the court loudly, there was a puff of smoke around his form at the open window opposite—and then the startled group in the room with Dorian West beheld a marvel.

With a singing crash the shot struck the window of their room. But there it was halted—stopped in its furious flight toward the heart of the young detective by a mysterious unseen power. Against the window pane the bullet flattened itself—then fell to the courtyard below!

Dorian West was unharmed!

CHAPTER THREE

WHAT DORIAN WEST FOUND OUT.

BUT the next instant there was action. A sound of scurrying feet was heard in the corridor outside, as the astonished assassin at the window across the court, beholding the failure of his crime, turned and fled. At the same moment the blinking face of Solomon appeared under the edge of the bed, where he had sought refuge, and the frankly amazed Jerrold stepped to the window.

"What happened?" he asked dazedly. "Shouldn't we chase that man?"

"Three of my men are on his heels now," Dorian West assured him. "He is not likely to get away. That, I imagine, is the man who delivered the trunk and who has, or thinks he has, a most excellent reason for getting me out of the way just now. In the meantime we will not be disturbed. My men know my methods. They will catch that man and keep him prisoner in my room until I send for them. So we can go ahead with our little investigation."

Helen Glade, her face white and her lip trembling with excitement, approached Dorian West at that moment and looked up at him in such a bewitching fashion that he just had to smile, in spite of all his business-like manner. For even Dorian West, the great detective, was a human being, and the human being hasn't been born who wouldn't be intrigued by such a picture as Helen Glade made at that particular moment in the history of the world.

"Why weren't you afraid? Why did you say, 'Let him shoot'? Why didn't the bullet come through? What secret power have you over bullets?" she demanded.

Then, of course, he had to smile.

"It was really very simple," he told her. "I happened to know, when you pointed the rascal out to me, that the window is equipped with what is known as bullet-proof glass. It is an invention now two or three years old, and is gradually being introduced in the larger and wealthier banks of New York, Chicago, London and Paris. It is as impenetrable to bullet fire as a piece of battleship steel—yet just to look at it, you couldn't tell it from ordinary plate glass, except by its thickness. That's all there was to that!"

"All!" squeaked Solomon Morgenstern, scrambling from under the bed and smacking at his clothes with his fat hands to get the dust off. "All? How and who and why for I want to know. Who put bullet-proof glass in that room, hein? How it get there, hein? Who pay for it, hein? When, how—what for? Hein?"

Dorian West made a gesture of disparagement.

"My dear Morgenstern," he said, "that is the least of the mysteries in this case—for there is no disputing that one has a roomful of mysteries when trunks with green and yellow stripes, bags of salt, hairpins, dictionaries, beautiful girls who want to see their lawyers, mysterious panels and clutching hands and—after all that—an empty room and a trunk containing the body of a murdered man, are all jumbled together. A whole room full of mysteries, I say. Here are the questions I want answered:

"Why did Trang come to Washington at all? Why did he want that mysterious trunk? Why did he want salt, hairpin and a special dictionary? How was he murdered? And who murdered him? And why was he murdered? And how did his body get into that trunk?

"Why is there a panel in that door? Whose arms came through the panel and choked our friend, Detective Jerrold? And where did that individual get to when the room was entered?

"Why did I want the green and yellow trunk myself? Why did I want the salt, the hairpin and the dictionary?

"Why did these young ladies want the same things? What are they doing in Washington at all? How did they know the trunk was in this room, anyhow?

"Those are among the major questions. Others are already occurring to my mind. Moreover, I am using my brains on the question, and some of the questions are already answered?"

"Answered already yet?" queried Solomon, struck with wonder.

"Already yet," Dorian West assured him gravely. "For instance, I naturally know why I claimed the trunk and want the salt and the other things. And I know more than that. I know the answer to several of those questions just by using my brains. But my eyes will have to tell me the rest!"

He stopped and looked at them soberly, solemnly, one by one. The boyish look was gone. No longer a youth stood before them. It was as if he had undergone a sudden metamorphosis. They beheld a different being—for into his face had come a new look of shrewdness, of mental power arrayed for a trial of strength against a web of entanglement and mystery. His eyes were fathomless with a far-away, dreamy-like gaze, his jaw was set into lines rigid and intense, and the sternness that had suddenly taken the place of the youthful bantering and good nature that was there showed the resolute purpose and the intellectual masterfulness that had made his name dreaded and detested among criminals.

"All of you," he said slowly, deliberately, "will remain where you are. Whatever I may do, you are not to stir from your places. You may be frightened. You may be shocked. It must not matter. You are to sit there and watch if you will, but no one must interfere!"

It was the noon hour. From a far street they could hear the buzz of the holiday throng gathering for the procession that was to inaugurate a new President. Hundreds of thousands were to foregather about the platform where the inaugural speech was to be delivered. It seemed like an echo from another part of the universe, so widely set apart were they in this room of red crime and black mystery.

"Are you ready to promise what I have asked?" demanded Dorian West.

One by one they gave him their word. And with that pledge assured, Dorian West set to work.

If Jerrold needed instructions in how a real detective works, here was a lesson he would never forget. Such a systematic search as Dorian West then began was a marvel of detail, of persistent examination of tiny trifles, of crawling upon his knees, studying each square foot of the flooring, each square foot of the walls; of clambering upon the bureau and prodding at the ceiling, tinkering with the plumbing, taking the bed apart, until the sagging steel spring lay revealed in all its rusted antiquity; of opening and shutting every movable drawer, of spending half-hours in dark cupboards, of hitting and knocking and pounding and listening and rapping and then——

It was a ghastly business that of removing the slain man from the trunk, of going through his pockets, of baring his breast and studying the wound so long that the time seemed to shudder and reel as it passed, of the loathsome task of lifting the body to its feet in an endeavor to reconstruct its position when the fatal blow was struck. This and much more did Dorian West carry through, as the watch ticks were audible in the silence of the room and the Glade girls covered their eyes and tried to hush their sobbing and Jerrold looked on trying to conceal his jealousy, and Solomon Morgenstern's face became green as a moon. This and much more did Dorian West do, and whereas he began at the noon hour, darkness was coming on when he stood up and faced them, his face smeared with dirt and the stains of perspiration, his voice thick from weariness, but the glitter of certain triumph in his eyes.

"There yet remains one important detail," he told them.

He strode over to a place just back of the head of the bed. Here, applying a small key, he pressed an unseen spring, or bolt, or some such concealed contrivance, and to the amazement of them all there swung open before them a concealed door that led out into the corridor.

"A means of egress, gentlemen," said Dorian West.

"Then—he got out that way—the murder——" cried Solomon.

"No!" replied Dorian West solemnly. "He did not go out that way. Undoubtedly he would, if he could. He did not know the door existed. No—there is a different explanation. I have solved this business, first to last. The murderer is still hidden in this room!"

CHAPTER FOUR

TOLD IN THE DARK.

FROM one to the other they looked—those curiously assorted fragments of the Washington inaugural festivities—Helen and Betty Glade and Jerrold and Solomon Morgenstern. Puzzlement, a baffled bewilderment was plain on their faces. Where could the murderer be hidden? Had they not been watching, hour after hour, while Dorian West made a complete search of the place? If there were a hidden square inch of space in the apartment would he not have found it? Yet they had seen nothing, heard nothing, that would make it possible to surmise where a concealed compartment might be. It sounded incredible, that statement of Dorian West, and frank unbelief came into their eyes.

"Hidden in here? Where?" snarled Jerrold, glad enough to dispute something with his rival. He voiced the sentiments of the others.

The old mocking light came into the worn eyes of the great investigator. Despite his dustiness and the other evidences of the untiring care he had expended on his research, the old buoyant nonchalance returned to him and sat not disagreeably upon him as he smiled through the dirt on his again cherubic countenance.

"Eyes! Brains!" he laughed gayly, shaking a remindful finger at the baffled Jerrold. "Always remember they are indispensable in detective work, Jerrold. They will tell you a lot of things you could never find out otherwise!"

Jerrold gave a ponderous sniff as he lighted a cigarette.

"My eyes and my brains tell me," he retorted ungraciously, "that there is no place in this room or the bathroom where a man can hide. The murderer must have gone through that secret door you have just showed us, I don't care what you say about it. It is the logical solution!"

Solomon Morgenstern shook his head solemnly to indicate that Jerrold's line of reasoning was certainly convincing. Upon which Dorian West sighed languidly and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"You folks disappoint me," he explained, a bit of weariness creeping into his voice. "You have seen everything I have seen. You have heard everything I have heard. Yet the solution has evidently utterly escaped you—as the murderer would escape you, if I did not mean to capture him. Dear me! What a rare thing brains are, eh?"

He shook his head as he rose and passed into the bathroom. Salubrious sounds of splashing water and flapping towel came to their ears, and then presently he emerged again, miraculously transformed by a clean collar and tie, procured from where no one could guess; with his red cheeks red again and his blue eyes blue again and his fair hair combed placidly back into the best behaved of angles. There was almost audible applause from the Misses Helen and Betty Glade.

"When can we get out of here—I've got a job on my hands to-night and I can't remain much longer," remarked Jerrold as Dorian West reappeared.

"God knows what is doing with my cash register downstairs," pleaded Solomon sadly. "Already yet I am away from my business so many hours—when, Mr. West, can I go away from here. Besides, I wouldn't like it so much here when it's night and dark and everything. Better we should wait until to-morrow morning, hein?"

"No!"

There was no mistaking the conviction in Dorian West's voice as he replied. There was a ring of command in his one word that had all the authority of a threat.

"We have still to catch the murderer," he reminded them. "And before we can do that I am going to acquaint you all with the amazing series of incidents that produced this crime, and by that time I feel entirely confident that the criminal will be ready to crawl out of his hiding-place and confess. No! No! Don't turn on those electric lights, Morgenstern. It will be much more quiet if I tell you in the dark!"

Morgenstern sat down obediently, though with a heavy sigh. It had grown rapidly dark, and a truant blade of light from the room across the way crept through and lighted up a thing of terror on the white bed sheet—the staring face of the murdered Trang, rigid and accusing in the last writhing facial contortion of the struggle that ended his life. Fate, like a master of stagecraft, had seemed to set the scene and throw that white, dead face into unrelieved horror against a background of massing shadow and gloom.

Dorian West began his statement very quietly.

"At the bottom of all this ugly business," he commenced, "is the scheme of the most daring jewel thief of modern times, known to the police of five continents by the romantic appellation of 'Lightning' Gaines, so called, I suppose, because he works like lightning. You have heard me mention him before. He is the man Jerrold was assigned to look out for to-night at the inaugural ball.

"It will not mortify Jerrold, I trust, when I state that I, too, was consulted by government authorities in regard to his apprehension. In fact, for the last three months I have been laboring rather earnestly to trace him out. Nobody has known who he is, what he looks like, or how he works. We could only surmise his characteristics by his works—he left a trail of heartbroken women behind him, mourning their treasures, but no finger of suspicion has ever pointed at any one who might be suspected of being the thief himself. He is a master thief.

"Some weeks ago, however, we received a tip, from sources I need not go into, that 'Lightning' Gaines meant to make a clean-up at the inaugural ball. The best talent of the country was picked to watch out for him, among others our friend Jerrold. Perhaps I may not be immodest in admitting that I was assigned to captain the fight, and the department at Washington here has been working almost exclusively under my instructions.

"It is here that the really spectacular and melodramatic part of the story begins. I had arranged for practically my entire force to be here in Washington, for it might turn out that the thief himself had an organization, and I like to work with my own men. And then the first inexplicable thing occurred. One of my own men disappeared.

"This requires a confession on my own part. We try, in my strange business, to guard against treachery within our own ranks. But it is not often easy. We are slow to give our confidences

—but we must confide, to a certain extent, in our assistants. This assistant was a cheat. He was a stool-pigeon for crooks. He deserted me, and when he deserted he had in his possession some information that was extremely valuable. By theft he had secured the key to a cipher used in my correspondence with the government officials here.

"This renegade assistant of mine was a confederate of this dead man, Trang. But Trang was not his real name. His real name was Barton, and he was one of the really clever jewel thieves of this country. By no means as clever as 'Lightning' Gaines, he was, nevertheless, a man to be feared. Small wonder that he, too, should cast covetous eyes on the gems sure to be in display at the inaugural ball.

"With the information at his disposal brought him by my deserting assistant, Trang concocted a very clever plan. Trang knew that I had made arrangements to stop here myself under the name of Trang. He knew that in my trunk which I had sent here by express I had a mass of data which would make it go hard with him, for I was on the lookout for him as well as 'Gaines.' And then a brilliant idea struck him.

"When I set out for Washington, Trang (or Barton, as his real name was) camped on my trail. At Philadelphia, when the train stopped for a few moments, he caught me unawares, struck me a terrible blow on the back of the head, and hurled me over a culvert, satisfied that he had killed me. I think it was only a particularly hard skull which saved me from a severe fracture at least, but fortunately for me I was spared. Meanwhile Barton chuckling in unholy glee, came on here, posed as Trang, which, you remember, was to have been my own assumed name, and got the room which I had long ago reserved as the basis for my own campaign here.

"Now, for a moment, see what this criminal had managed to do for himself. I had made reservations here under the name of Trang. He, supposedly, had killed me. Under my adopted name, he was going to the inaugural ball, posing as a detective. From my assistant he knew that no Washington detective had ever seen me; he had secured enough inside information to play my part perfectly well. With comparative immunity, under the guise of being a detective, he could roam where he willed and make the clean-up he expected.

"But, unless a criminal is a genius like 'Lightning' Gaines, he is bound to be short-sighted and slip up on some important essential. Barton, or Trang as he made himself out to be, forgot to estimate my own resources. I always watch out for what the other fellow might do. My remaining assistants in New York had received their instructions. From Philadelphia I was to send them a cipher greeting, stating that all was well. If that greeting did not arrive, and inquiry through inside channels of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph companies showed that no such message had been filed, then they were to communicate at once with other of my assistants, waiting in Washington, who were to take up the work I had laid out to do. Silence from Philadelphia was in itself a signal.

"Well, being hit on the head, I had no time to send the message. That, in itself, as we shall see presently, produced important results. I was too busy clambering back up the culvert, swinging to the last coach of the train, and fainting in the vestibule as it pulled out. Yes—I did get back on my same train, and I arrived here at the same time he did.

"But now, before I get into further expansion of the crime I must explain about the trunk with the green and yellow stripes, which must have puzzled you all considerably. Yet the facts about it were really very simple. The trunk, with all its important documents, we forwarded by express, and orders were given to watch it carefully. My renegade assistant had meant to stage a plan to seize it, and in order that it might easily be identified he crept into the baggage car and smeared green and yellow stripes all over it and removed my name from the tag. This happened before one of my agents who guarded it could prevent, but the assistant was not arrested—we wanted to get more of the goods on him and we will. Then he wired Trang on the train that the trunk desired had been painted with green and yellow stripes.

"When the train left, my faithful guardian of the trunk reported this to my New York office and the fact that the trunk had been painted was wired at once to my other assistants here, so they were fully prepared. But Trang, now that he had got me out of the way, was not so much worried about the trunk. He figured that he could claim the trunk as his own, when he registered under the name of Trang here. But, as it happened, he himself was packed in the trunk before the struggle was over.

"So far, I am sure, you will understand all that had happened. Here was Trang, registering at the hotel under the name I had selected, and securing the room which government agents of my own, acting under my instructions forwarded in cipher, had already prepared, unknown even to Morgenstern or Jerrold, with a secret panel in the door, and a secret means of egress. We did not know what trouble we might look for when it came to a show-down with 'Lightning' Gaines.

"Now when Trang registered he received a letter, addressed to 'Trang.' That was a letter in cipher to me, from the government authorities, containing the entire key to the means of operating the hidden panel and the concealed door. The cipher, unhappily, was already known to Trang, by the revelation of my assistant. It is first operated by the aid of a certain dictionary, and the words are conveyed by numerals which indicate the page and the position of the word on the

page. For instance, 64-10 would mean the tenth word on the sixty-fourth page. An entire letter can very easily be ciphered by this simple method. After this is done, a chemical preparation is smeared over the paper, and the writing disappears. To make it reappear, it is necessary to spread salt over the paper; then heat a thin wire and apply it to one edge of the paper, which sets fire to the chemical. The chemical is then burned off, and the writing cipher can be read very clearly.

"Trang knew all about this, as I say, because my assistant had confessed it to him. Consequently, he got the letter and then immediately ordered salt, a hairpin, to be used as the heating wire, and the dictionary. Your next question will naturally concern those young ladies——" and here Dorian West waited for a moment, and smiled through the gloom at the two young ladies, who had registered as Misses Helen and Betty Glade.

"I should perhaps explain at once then," continued the detective, "that these two young ladies are my best trusted assistants. They were the ones who were to take up the case, if anything happened to me; they got the wire from New York, explaining that no message had come from me, and also that the trunk had been painted, and as they knew a letter was expected, they, too, asked for salt, hairpin and book, and then I came and took up another emergency reservation I had made under the name of 'Childs Warren.' So, I think I have explained everything except the actual circumstances of the murder. And that, I think, is the most remarkable bit of villainy that has come to my attention in all my career of crime detection.

"For quite a while I had gathered that Barton, or Trang, was jealous of 'Lightning' Gaines. That is the reason I did not have Trang arrested on the spot. I felt sure that he could lead me to Gaines better than any other man, for I was dead certain that Trang knew Gaines and could convict him in court. Therefore I played him out for quite some time and let him go his way.

"The first shock that Trang got when he arrived in Washington was an encounter with 'Lightning' Gaines. It was a shock for Gaines as well as for Trang. And it was Gaines who murdered Trang, to get a dangerous rival, who might betray him to the police, out of the way!"

"But how—in a locked room—how could it be done?" asked Solomon Morgenstern incredulously.

"It is dark now, ladies and gentlemen," replied Dorian West easily. The criminal himself may wish to explain his method—meet the man who murdered Trang!"

He touched an electric button and light flooded the room.

To the amazement of them all, there was a man sitting before them handcuffed, leg-ironed, gagged—utterly captive and helpless.

Jerrold!

CHAPTER FIVE

THE GUILTY SECRET.

"DID he kill that man?" croaked Solomon hoarsely, while the two girls stared unbelievingly.

"He did," retorted Dorian West. "Jerrold, the house detective of this little hotel, is in reality 'Lightning' Gaines, the jewel thief. For months I have suspected it. He too fancied it would be a good thing to pose as a detective—it gave him so much the better opportunity for his depredations. That is why it has taken us so long to come up with him. He meant to vanish from the earth after tonight, until he was ready to resume operations in safety. It was his jealousy and fear of Trang that led him to do this murder!"

"But how could he have done it?" asked Betty Glade wonderingly.

"Very simply. He wanted a chance at him—that is why he had the trunk carried at once to this room. But Trang, who had already read my letter and knew about the panel, saw who it was through the tiny transom above the door, and attacked him first through the panel. That decided Jerrold, and a clever scheme—a highly clever scheme—suddenly occurred to him. He pretended not to have his pass key and sent the bell-boy below in search of Morgenstern. That gave him a good five minutes, and in that five minutes the murder was committed. He opened the door against the defense that Trang plainly put up, and drawing his knife savagely attacked and slew him. Then, with the coolness that comes only to an insane criminal with the mentality of a genius, he opened the trunk, hurled the papers into the paper box outside—where I have since recovered them—and thrust the body inside. Before Morgenstern had returned he had killed Trang, emptied the trunk, put the body in it, locked the trunk again, and locked the door also. When Morgenstern appeared, he was panting—as he said, from the exhaustion consequent upon his efforts in struggling with the man inside; which, though not in the sense Morgenstern understood it, was true.

"Naturally, therefore, the room was empty when they entered, and naturally the body was found in the trunk. The only surprise to me is that the rest of you did not guess the answer more quickly. I examined this place thoroughly, and I knew there was no means of escape from this room except through the secret door prepared for my use. But that door could be used only by a key which I have. Therefore I knew the murderer didn't get out that way. He had to go out the door—and if he did that, Jerrold must have known something about that. Already suspecting Jerrold of being 'Lightning Gaines,' and knowing the jealousy of Gaines and Trang, it was not difficult to reason a little ahead; to speculate. In fact, so certain was I of my conclusions that I had been telegraphing

signals quietly to one of my watchers outside of the door by a deaf-and-dumb code which we employ, and so, when it grew dark enough, our friend Jerrold was suddenly and silently overpowered by two of my men who entered through the secret door behind him there. They bound him, gagged him and left him ready for me to deal with. It saves so much muss and confusion to do things quietly that way!"

"But why weren't you afraid of that man who fired at you?" asked Helen anxiously.

"That man? He was my renegade assistant, who had hurried on here to be in at the finish with Trang. When he found out what had happened he went gunning for me. But I knew the window was bullet proof, and you may be sure that gentleman is under arrest now, waiting for me to talk turkey to him."

"Gosh!" exploded Morgenstern. "Ain't it wonderful—hein."

A few hours later—after the snarling Jerrold had confessed, under but slight grilling at headquarters; after all the details had been done with, and Dorian West was at dinner in the Garrison dining room, where Morgenstern had insisted so hard they remain that they couldn't insult him and go to a nicer place—Morgenstern came over to their table and smiled broadly.

"Oi, what a diamont!" he exclaimed, noticing the solitaire, set in platinum, on the fourth finger of Helen's left hand. "Who give you that?"

"Mr. Dorian West—the great detective," replied Helen, dimpling happily.

"Oi—congratulations!" exclaimed Morgenstern, "Woit you see what I send you at the wedding!"

But Dorian West had already risen from the table.

"Come, now, girls," he said. "We've got to taxi over to the New Willard, get into our evening clothes in a jiffy, and get down to the ball. But I think we can enjoy a dance or two ourselves to-night—we've done the biggest part of our job, eh?"

And waving good-night to Morgenstern, they hurried away to the waiting taxi.

VOODOOISM IN HAITI

AS no accurate history of Haiti can be written without a reference to Voodooism, the story of this strange cult, which some authorities say still is in practice in its most violent form among the people of this island and others of the West Indies, may be interesting in connection with the recent investigation of American occupation in Haiti.

The general belief is that Voodooism was brought to the Western Hemisphere by the negroes imported as laborers, especially to Haiti, and it may probably be traced back to the serpent worship of Egypt. Many of the characteristics of the worship also were attributed to the French witches of the Fifteenth Century, the most violent phases of the practice, perhaps, being an outgrowth of the African superstitions of the black and of the French imagination of the white inhabitants of Haiti.

The god Obeah or Vaudoux, of which Voodoo is an American corruption, is supposed to know, to see and to do all things, but he manifests himself to his worshippers only in the form of a non-poisonous snake and communicates with them only through a priest and priestess, known as papa-loi and maman-loi, who are held in great veneration by their followers.

The ceremony is always held at night, usually in the fastness of some deep wood, where there will be no interruption of the rites. The devotees take off their shoes and bind about their bodies red handkerchiefs, and the priest and priestess wear red bands about their heads in the form of crowns.

After this they pray to the snake, which is exhibited for the purpose of arousing their emotions. Maman-loi mounts the box in which the god is usually kept and emits groans, shrieks and wild movements as she utters her prophetic sentences.

A dance closes the ceremony. The king puts his hand on the box and a shudder somewhat similar to the effect produced by the most recent kind of "jazz" seizes him, and from him it passes to all the rest.

The initiation of a convert to the faith is enough to inspire him with terror. He pledges himself, when his lips are touched with warm goat's blood, never under any circumstances to reveal the secrets of the fraternity and to kill any member who proves a traitor to the brotherhood. This is the point at which the cannibalism is supposed to occur, but investigation has shown that many of the shocking phases of the worship have been eliminated, and the worshipers usually satisfy themselves with a cock or a goat, which is afterwards cooked and eaten.

The Voodoo women are thought to possess supernatural power, and by working on the superstitions of the natives attain a potent influence over them. Many strong men have pined away merely because they thought an enemy had "put Obeah" on them, just as the Southern negro believed in the "conjure" doctor who cast a "spell" on him by leaving in his path a bottle containing horse hairs, snake's teeth, lizard claws, a piece of dried rat, and a frog's foot.—Bulletin American Geographic Society.

The Black Pin

By RUDOLPH WARREN

MR. and Mrs. Bywater had been married for nearly seven years, and it cannot be said that their wedded life had been a particularly happy one. Not that they ever came to open dissension or vulgar quarrels, but they seemed to have agreed to differ on almost every point upon which it is quite possible for man and wife to take opposing sides. They lived in the suburbs.

The fact was that the marriage was a patched-up affair, in which the element of love was conspicuous by its absence. Mr. Bywater had a remote chance of succeeding to a good business, and there was a chance that his wife might be left the heiress of a rich bachelor uncle, with whom she was reported to be an especial favorite.

Neither of these possible contingencies came to pass. Mr. Bywater's uncle took it into his head to marry, and the birth of an heir knocked Mr. Bywater's hopes in the head, while Mrs. Bywater's uncle died, leaving the whole of his large property to the founders of a new religion.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bywater were deficient either in money or connection, but these two failures appeared to have soured and embittered them terribly toward each other. Mr. Bywater was a medical man, in good practice; therefore he took up the doctrine of homeopathy. Mrs. Bywater was fond of theaters, balls and evening amusements of all kinds, and therefore her husband suddenly betrayed a strong predilection for spending his evenings at home, insisting, of course, that his wife should bear him company, and so on to the end of the chapter.

One day, as they were seated together at the breakfast table, the morning after a disagreement of a more serious nature than usual, Mrs. Bywater suddenly broke the silence which had reigned from the commencement of the meal.

"Mr. Bywater," said she.

Bywater was busily engaged in perusing the *Daily Signal*, the broad sheet of which entirely concealed his face from view, and paid no attention to his wife's words.

"John!" said she, in a higher key, "will you listen to me for a few minutes?"

Bywater gave a sudden start, as if his thoughts had been far away, and laying aside the paper presented to his wife a face which made her utter a little shriek of surprise.

"Gracious me, John, what is the matter with you—are you ill?"

The wife might well ask the question, for the husband's countenance was perfectly livid, and all the muscles were twitching, as if he was enduring great physical or mental agony.

"It is nothing," answered he hoarsely—"only a sharp twinge of that confounded neuralgia. What do you want to say?"

"Do you not think that we are a pair of fools to go on spending all our lives in jangling?" said she, "when by a little mutual yielding we might jog along well enough?"

She paused, half expecting a snub in return for the advances for a reconciliation she had made; but to her surprise, after a short pause, as if he had been considering the question, her husband replied:

"I do not know but what you are right, Mattie; at any rate, I am willing to do my best; but we have both got so much into the habit of saying things to each other, that I am afraid we shall find it somewhat difficult to drop it."

His voice quivered a good deal as he spoke, but Mrs. Bywater ascribed that to the emotion her sudden proposal had caused him."

"There's a dear," said she, rising from her chair, and kissing him on the forehead, "and now let me ask you if you will be in to lunch?"

"No," replied Bywater. "Why?"

"Jennie is coming. I know you dislike her, and to tell you the truth, I had asked her to aggravate you," answered Mrs. Bywater, "but now that we have come to an understanding, she shall not be here half so much, for I am sure she makes mischief between us."

Jennie was Miss Pelton, the elder sister of Mrs. Bywater, now a confirmed old maid, but who, so rumor asserted, had once set her cap at the young doctor, and had never forgiven him for preferring her younger sister.

"I shall be out, thank goodness," replied her husband. "And now be quiet for a moment, as I wish to see if Ultra Montanos are going up."

"What are they, balloons?" asked Mrs. Bywater innocently.

"Balloons! Pshaw," answered her husband. "Shares in a gold mine, of which I am half inclined to purchase a few."

After having perused the paper for some time with considerable attention, Bywater laid it down, and telling his wife he should be back at four, he left the house as was his usual custom.

When Jennie arrived, Mrs. Bywater informed her of the new arrangement between herself and her husband. "And do you know, my dear," said she, "I am sure that we shall get on all right now, for all that snapping and snarling was wearing out my life completely. But, do you know, I am half afraid that John is not well, for he looked ghastly this morning, and at first I thought he

had seen something unpleasant in the paper, but it wasn't so, for he was only looking to see if Ultra Montanos were going up."

"Ultra Montanos?" repeated Miss Pelton.

"Yes, shares in a gold mine," replied her sister triumphantly. "Why, I thought you dabbled a little in stocks and shares; but, there, don't worry me about the horrid things. You can take the paper if you like, but come upstairs and see my lovely new bonnet, the sweetest thing you ever saw, and cost a mere nothing."

The mere nothing was $30, and was the cause of the dispute between the husband and wife the night before.

Miss Pelton did dabble a little in stocks and shares, and as she had never heard of a gold mine named the "Ultra Montanos," she took the newspaper with her when she terminated her visit to see what information she would gain respecting it.

Meanwhile Mr. Bywater (he hated the prefix of doctor) had not visited any of his patients, but had jumped into a taxi and told the chauffeur to take him to the Megatherium Club, where he asked the hall porter if there were any letters for him.

Upon this occasion there was only one, a delicate little missive, with an elaborate green and silver monogram, the envelope addressed in unmistakably feminine handwriting. Bywater thrust it into his pocket, and, walking into Central Park, selected a seat which had no other occupant, broke open the envelope, and perused the contents of the missive.

A dark frown passed over his face, and for some time he sat plunged in the most profound meditation. The sudden appearance of a sparrow cop in charge of a nursemaid, with a baby in a perambulator, and a lubberly looking boy with a hoop, who were evidently making for the seat he occupied, made him vacate it with the utmost celerity, thrusting the letter into his breast pocket as he did so.

Upon his return home Bywater displayed the same charming temper which he had promised to exhibit for the future, and his wife, who was all smiles, told him that she had set her heart upon going to the art exhibition.

"I know, John, dear," said she, "that you hate going out at night, but if you will let me go with Johnny to-morrow evening, I will promise to be back in good time."

"I will take you there to-night, if you like," answered Mr. Bywater, as if he had come to a sudden resolve. "Really one grows quite rusty staying at home so much, and as I don't think I am likely to be sent for, I will just chance it this evening."

"Oh, that will be fine!" exclaimed his wife, "and, John, why can't we dine there? Do you know there is only cold meat and salad for dinner, and——"

"Very well, just as you like, my dear," answered Bywater pleasantly. "Go and get ready at once. I have just half an hour's work to do in the surgery, but I know that you will not have got yourself up by that time."

Mrs. Bywater now was on her good behavior, and when her husband emerged from his dressing-room, whither he had gone after completing his work, he found his wife waiting for him.

"Why, you have made yourself look quite smart, John," said she. "I am quite proud of my escort. I wonder how long my newly found happiness will last."

"As long as your life, I hope," answered Bywater gallantly; and then his wife, calling him "an old dear," began to examine him to discern whether his toilet required any finishing touches.

"What have you got that ugly black pin in your coat for?" said she.

Mr. Bywater made a little gesture of annoyance.

"Do not touch it, my dear," answered he. "I have set my heart on having one of those beautiful flowers, and the young ladies who sell them never have anything only the usual pin, which looks so bad on black cloth, and so I have supplied myself with one of the same hue as the coat itself."

"You vain thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Bywater. "Shall we start now, for I am beginning to feel quite hungry?"

Bywater assented, and leaving the house they made their way to the exhibition.

Upon her return home, Mrs. Pelton began to look through the paper to discover what sort of a position in the market the shares of the "Ultra Montanos" held, for though she now hated her brother-in-law with all the energy of a slighted woman, yet she was not above taking a hint from him. To her extreme surprise she could find no such name, and thinking that she must have missed it by some accident, and searched through all the columns again with the utmost care, she did not find what she wanted. But she discovered something else, which made her utter an exclamation of the utmost surprise. It was simply an announcement in the death which had attracted Miss Pelton's attention.

"On the 17th instant Josiah Bigg, in the 68th year of his age."

"No wonder he turned pale when he read this," murmured Miss Pelton. The 17th instant, more than a week ago; there is mischief brewing, or my name is not Mary Pelton."

There was quite a sensation on the platform as the train drew up, and a hatless and excited gentleman leaped out and called loudly for help.

"My wife is dead or dying!" cried he. "Will no one help me to get her out of the train?"

In a moment the porter and station-master were on the post, and the unhappy lady was at once conveyed upstairs in a perfectly insensible condition.

A short, slight man, whose face would not have been remarkable for the intelligence of its expression had it not been for a pair of keen, flashing eyes, had been a passenger in the train, and had formed one of the little crowd which had gathered around the car door when the announcement of the sad occurrence was made. He appeared to be well known to the railway officers, for one of them remarked:

"Now, Wenlock, are you coming? The train will be off in another minute."

"I may as well go on," remarked the man addressed as Wenlock, and he jumped into the car from which the insensible form of Mrs. Bywater had just been removed.

"What nerves these private Dicks have," observed the official, addressing one of his subordinates. "Now, I confess, I shouldn't have cared to travel in that car, for the poor lady is evidently as dead as a herring."

Wenlock, as soon as the train started, had commenced to carefully examine the car, but found little to reward his effort.

"Of course," muttered he, "it may be all on the square; but I have got into the habit of looking with suspicion on all mankind—a hasty, uncharitable habit, Matthew Wenlock, but a precious safe one for all that.

"Hello! what is this?" he added, as he pounced on a small object lying in the cushion.

" 'If you see a pin, and let it lie,
You'll want another before you die,'

as my poor old mother used to say. Now, there may be nothing in this, but it may mean a good deal, though I can't see how it can. At any rate, I'll just put this little memento of the tragedy with a piece of paper, and stow it away in my pocket-book. Then I'll just get back to New York and find out what I can."

Mrs. Bywater was dead beyond all doubt, and the body had been removed to her home to await the inquest, which would have to decide the cause of her death.

At the inquest her husband deposed that on the day of her death his wife had appeared to be in her usual health and spirit, and had herself proposed the visit to the art exhibition. Just before arriving at 125th street station she had complained of sudden faintness, but this he attributed to the closeness of the car, and opened the window. While he was doing so the train moved on again, and he saw that his wife had fallen forward. It was impossible to stop the train; beside there would be no means of getting any assistance before reaching the Grand Central.

Dr. Killane deposed that he saw the deceased at the station, and that, in his opinion, she had died from syncope.

"Had you any idea that deceased was suffering from weak action of the heart?" asked the coroner.

"No; but for some months past she had been taking homeopathic remedies, and I noticed a bottle which had contained aconite globule, but nearly empty, which may have tended to affect the heart," said Bywater.

Some excitement was at this moment produced in court by the sister of the deceased exclaiming that the witness was a murderer, and that she would prove it. Upon examination by the coroner she only made a rambling statement with regard to a love affair in which her sister's husband had been concerned previous to his marriage.

After an address by the coroner, the jury returned a verdict of "death from natural causes."

As Miss Pelton was leaving the court, bitterly regretting her indiscreetness in having so openly shown her hand, she was touched gently on the arm and looking around was confronted by a small, slight-looking man, who said:

"Beg pardon, miss, but coroner or no coroner, you were right; the husband did the trick, sure enough. I read faces, and that man is guilty."

Miss Pelton had an idea that some trap was being laid for her.

"I don't know who you are," she said, turning away.

"Beg pardon again, miss, it's all on the square. "I'm Mat Wenlock, of the Central Office, but I don't like to intrude, only you may bet your sweet life that he did the trick."

Miss Pelton had heard of Matthew Wenlock, whose name had achieved great celebrity in the tracking down of criminals, and at once saw what a valuable ally she would be.

"Come and talk the matter over at my house," said she.

As soon as they were in privacy, Matthew begged her to tell him all she knew, and she narrated the reconciliation between husband and wife.

"A pretended one on his part," she added, "for he had just received intelligence which made him anxious to get rid of the tie by which he was bound."

"Why, miss," exclaimed Wenlock, with a smile of delight, "you are going to give us a motive which was the real difficult point in the case. Prove that, and we'll put a rope around his neck."

"In the paper in which he pretended he was reading about a mine which only existed in his imagination," continued the lady, "was the announcement of the death of a certain John Bigg. Before Bywater married my sister he had won the affection of a young girl of great beauty and large fortune, one whom he had attended in his medical capacity. The love affair was discovered and the girl taken away. She afterward married an enormously rich man, much older than herself, a Mr. Bigg, the announcement of whose death I have just read. Doubtless, John Bywater's old love is now a very wealthy widow. He

had great influence over her, and if he could only get her free, felt sure that she would consent to become his wife."

"He wouldn't start in a business like that on spec," broke in Wenlock, "depend on it the lady has written to him and to his club, of course; which is it, now?"

"The Megatherium," answered Miss Pelton.

"I know I'm off there to make inquiries," exclaimed Wenlock. "And don't you stir from here, if you please, until you either see me or get a clue."

Miss Pelton promised, and Wenlock sped away on his mission.

Miss Pelton awaited his return with the utmost impatience, but it was fully an hour and a half before the detective again put in an appearance.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, miss," said he, "but I had a little difficulty in making the hall porter talk; a man like that is what the novelists call 'a tomb of secrets,' so you see my friend rides rather roughshod over the help, so they don't like him. Well, to make a long story short, he did get a letter with a foreign stamp on the very day the event took place, and precious glad I should be to get a sight of that same note. I'm going into the house with Graves, the undertaker's man, and have a good look around. Criminals are sometimes awful fools, when they think themselves most clever. The envelope had a small monogram on it, in gold and silver—F. B., the porter said he thought it was."

"It is from her," exclaimed Mrs. Pelton—"Flo Bigg! Oh, my poor sister has been murdered, beyond a doubt!"

It was nearly eight o'clock before Wenlock again made his appearance at Miss Pelton's residence, and this time his countenance was lighted up with an air of complete triumph.

"He left it in his overcoat pocket, hanging up in the hall!" exclaimed he, "just as if it wasn't a compromising document. People are asses. The house was all sixes and sevens, and the servants running about scattered like rabbits. Here, miss, read it."

Miss Pelton took the note, which exhaled a delicate perfume, and read:

"Dearest: The jailer is dead and the prisoner free. I have been left everything, and if you have waited for me as you promised, we can be wealthy, and happy for the rest of our lives. As soon as I hear from you I shall start. I am in a dream of love. Yours ever. F."

"She shall have a rough awakening," said Miss Pelton, clenching her teeth. "Is this sufficient to fix it on him, Mr. Wenlock?"

"Well, hardly," answered the detective. "It is certainly strong corroborative evidence, and shows a motive; still, if it were not for one other link, he could slip through our fingers."

"And what is that?" demanded Miss Pelton eagerly.

In reply, Wenlock handed her a paper signed with the name of one of the first analytical chemists of the day to the effect that he had received from Matthew Wenlock a common black pin, that with it he had inflicted a slight puncture on the nose of a dog, and that ten minutes after the creature had died from syncope. The symptoms were those of poisoning by aconitia.

"And what is aconitia?" asked Miss Pelton, with a shudder; "and what has all this to do with my poor sister's death?"

"Aconitia!" answered the detective, with the air of a schoolboy who had learned his lesson, "is the active principle of aconite. As for the black pin with which the experiment was tried, I found it in the compartment in which your sister was murdered. You see," he added, with ghastly simplicity, "the poor thing had absorbed most of the poison, and so the dog had a longer spell of life than she. It was the fellow's talk about aconite at the inquest that put me on the right scent."

Miss Pelton represented the mysterious facts in the proper quarter, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Bywater.

He submitted quietly enough, strongly protesting his innocence, but on the way to the police station in a taxicab he suddenly fell forward, and on examination by a doctor it was discovered that he was extinct.

"There's laxity all over," muttered Wenlock, as he read an account of the occurrence in the newspaper. "I put them on the right track and they take all the credit of it, and muddle up the whole affair in the end. Why, the fellow must have had a whole store of those murderous bits of wire, and I'll bet a dollar that if they had looked in the straw at the bottom of the cab they would have found a black pin."

ADOPTED AN OLD TRIBAL CUSTOM

THE custom of the savage Indians to bury all their earthly belongings with them was recently carried out in Joplin, Mo., when David Lloyd, 65 years old, an Indian fighter in his youth, died and was buried. His dying request was that the Indian custom be followed, and so into the casket went a razor, a box of shoe polish, a pair of scissors, a bar of soap, a packet of letters, a knife, his spectacles, a knife sharpener, oxfords, boots, hose, shirts, trousers, underwear, pair of gloves and an alarm clock still running and with the alarm set for 2 A. M. A suitcase which wouldn't go in the coffin was put in a rough box enclosing the coffin.

The Yellow Streak

By J. R. WARD

DOWN where the streets are crooked and dirty, where some buildings are shabby and tumble-down, while others are adorned with cheap, tawdry decorations in the shape of birds, vines and dragons made dazzling to the eye by the generous use of gilt and green paint, Gar Moy stood in a doorway. With one slanting, shrewd eye peering around the door frame, he scanned Mosher street up to about half a block where it suddenly swerved to the right. His sharp eye took in the whole street as far as he could see in a moment's survey. Then he drew his head back quickly, very quickly. It was as he had feared. Maloney was standing in front of Charlie Yuen's restaurant.

His yellow face expressionless, his dull eyes half shut as though their owner was in a state of extreme languidness, Moy waited five minutes. Once again he carefully peeped around the corner of the door frame. This time he jerked his head back so quickly and suddenly that he nearly dropped a package he had concealed beneath his blouse. At the same time he backed farther into the doorway. Maloney had discovered him! He was sure of it! Evidently the detective had seen him the first time he looked and had kept his eyes on the spot until Moy had peeped again.

Moy was the possessor of a streak in his make-up as yellow as his face. He turned and tried to open the door behind him. It was locked. Another glance around the door frame and he saw Maloney rapidly approaching, a hard, set expression on his face. Moy knew what was coming, and a slight chill ran down his back. Maloney was a suspicious devil. For a moment he contemplated leaving his hiding-place and running as fast as he could. Second thought told him not to adopt this plan. Maloney was too fat to run, and he had an alarming habit of shooting first and asking explanations afterward. So Moy firmly grasped the package under his blouse and awaited Maloney's coming with a bland, innocent smile. He slouched unconcernedly against the door frame, when the detective stopped before him and fixed a cold, piercing eye upon him.

"What're you peepin' at?" demanded Maloney.

Moy remained silent, and favored the officer with a smile intended to be disarming.

The detective glanced sharply up and down Mosher street before he made any further move. It was easy to start a riot in this neighborhood, and he was alone. After assuring himself that the narrow street was deserted except for a few straggling Chinamen, Maloney stepped into the doorway, grasped Moy's arm in a grip of iron and twisted it.

"Come on!" he snapped, ignoring the expression of pain in Moy's eyes. "You're up to something. What is it?"

"No—no—nothing!" Moy endeavored to smile in his pain.

"What were you peepin' at, then?" Maloney released his hold on Moy's arm. He had accomplished his purpose; Moy was talking.

"Nothing!" repeated Moy.

"What's this?" demanded the detective as he reached beneath Moy's blouse and brought out the package.

"Lice."

Maloney sniffed of the package suspiciously and then opened it. Within was a small bowl of rice garnished with bor lor. The detective stuck his finger into it as though to assure himself that it was as innocent as it looked. His examination proved to him that there was nothing concealed in the food. He passed it back to Moy.

"Who's it for?"

"Me."

"Where'd you buy it?"

"Chollie Yuen's."

For a moment Maloney reflected, his eyes focused on the Chinaman's face as though undecided what to do.

"What were you acting so funny for?" he finally asked dubiously. "Steal something?"

"No—no. No steal. Moy no steal."

"Well, a man don't act like you did unless he's up to something," retorted Maloney ruminatively. "I'll find out, though, sooner or later." Roughly he pushed Moy out of the doorway. "Go ahead now. Beat it!"

Moy knew that a pair of cold gray eyes followed him as he walked up the street, and he knew also that he had made a grave mistake in allowing Maloney's attention to be attracted to himself. Up in his close, stuffy room on the fifth floor above Sam Gow's antique shop he had sheltered for the past month Quong Doo, unknown to any one save themselves. Doo had killed an Italian workman down on Duke street a month before and was wanted by the police. Moy knew that it was against the law to harbor criminals, but he loved to gamble, and Quong Doo had plenty of money. So Moy gave Doo shelter and absolute secrecy until it would be safe for Doo to make his escape in return for the dollars Doo turned over grudgingly to him.

Once every day Moy stole out of his room, and from Charlie Yuen bought food and a small bot-

tle of moon sauce for Young Doo, remarking each time to Charlie that it was for himself. It was a meal for Doo that he had under his blouse when he met Maloney. If he had boldly walked by the detective with the dish in his hand, undoubtedly he would not have attracted attention. But Moy had a guilty conscience, and furthermore he had heard alarming reports in regard to Maloney's prowess as a detective and fighter. So he had jumped into the shelter of the doorway the moment he saw a figure he thought was Maloney's.

He felt decidedly ill at ease as he walked along in the opposite direction to that which he had intended going before he met Maloney. For fully fifteen minutes he walked aimlessly about through Chinatown, his eyes keenly alert for the figure behind him. Everywhere he went Maloney followed. It was very disconcerting. Evidently the detective believed that Moy did not know he was being shadowed. Moy, on the other hand, realized that the longer he walked about with the bowl of rice in his hand the more suspicious Maloney would become. He knew that the detective was trying to find out where he lived. He was afraid to dodge into an alley and try to lose the detective; it meant that the next time Maloney saw him he would be arrested on suspicion.

A vagrant thought, no doubt inspired by the weight of his conscience, came to him. Probably Maloney was watching him because he knew that Moy was sheltering Quong Doo! The idea so completely overwhelmed Moy for a moment that he slackened his pace somewhat. In that case, if Maloney succeeded in finding out where he lived, he would find Quong Doo, and both he and Moy would be sent to jail. Moy had a yellow streak in his make-up, and he was easily frightened. He thought about this phase of the situation for some time. Maloney must have some information. Surely he was not following him merely because he had found him peeping around a doorway!

Moy was in a quandary as he turned the corner of Duke street and Mosher, where a Chinaman named High Fat conducted a souvenir store. Mr. Fat, who was a red-faced, phlegmatic sort of person usually, was to Moy's surprise standing on the narrow strip of pavement outside his shop screaming at the top of his voice in Chinese. His lips were blue, his fat face was extremely pale, so great was his excitement. He jumped up and down in his satin slippers and yelled shrilly.

A small crowd had collected. A few inquiries and Moy learned that High Fat had been robbed. A yellow-skinned brother confided that some one had entered High Fat's shop and had stolen money out of the cash register and a package of tea and——

At that moment Moy's attention was drawn to something else. Quite a crowd had collected by that time. And elbowing his way through was Maloney.

Moy heard him tell Fat brusquely to keep quiet and tell him what the trouble was about. His curiosity completely governing his actions, Moy watched with wide eyes while Maloney questioned the proprietor of the souvenir shop. Three policemen fought their way through the crowd. Maloney consulted with them in a low tone. After a while he turned, and his eyes swept the crowd. They rested upon Moy. With a sudden bolt he reached out and made a grab at him. Moy ducked and started to run.

"He's been hanging around here all afternoon and——" he heard Maloney say.

Fear put wings to his feet. Unable to realize in his fright that he was doing the worst thing under the circumstances, he ran up Duke street and turned into Mosher. With the one thought uppermost in his mind that he must not allow the police to get him until Quong Doo was safely out of his room, he ran swiftly, frantically.

Where Mosher street swerves to the right he turned as he ran to look behind. Both Maloney and one of the policemen he had seen were pursuing him. Maloney was slightly in the rear in the race, but even as Moy glanced behind he saw the detective raise his revolver. A sharp report followed.

Straining himself to increase his speed, Moy ran breathlessly on. He was lucky, he told himself. The shot had missed him. Quickly he dodged into an alley. He knew the byways of that alley, and the police did not. Here, he believed, he could make his escape. He realized that his breath was coming with difficulty from his exertions and that his strength was ebbing slowly. He placed his left hand on his chest as he ran to quiet the laboring of his lungs. He felt something sticky on his hand! He looked down at his blouse. The left side of it was covered with blood! He had been shot! And in the heart! He would die!

The yellow streak in Moy came to the front. All his strength seemed to leave him. His knees were giving way beneath him. He heard the shouts of Maloney and the policeman close behind. He staggered against a fence in the alley and gradually slid down to the ground beside an ashcan.

"Don't kill!" he shrieked in his pidgin-English when they got to him. "Quong Doo—he in Moy's loom up over Sammee Glow's. Don't kill Moy! Keep him flom die!"

Fifteen minutes later, while the policeman kept the crowd back from the mouth of the alley, a white-uniformed ambulance surgeon was examining Moy as he lay against the ashcan.

"That's funny," he remarked to Maloney, who stood beside him. "There isn't a scratch on him."

Maloney was used to surprises. He elevated his brows.

"What's that red stuff on his jacket?" he queried.

"Looks to me like moon sauce," replied the surgeon, as he took a small bottle out of Moy's blouse pocket. "It's made out of ox blood mainly, as I understand it, and Chinamen flavor their food with it. He had a bottle of it in his pocket, and the cork must have come out and it spilled. He's got a bowl of rice under his blouse. I guess he was going to have a feast."

Roughly Maloney dragged the trembling Moy to his feet. At the same time he called the policeman from the mouth of the alley.

"Take him around to the box," he directed, "and tell the driver of the patrol to wait for me. I'll be around there in a couple of minutes with Quong Doo." He grinned and winked at his brother officer. "The Maloneys always were lucky."

PASSENGER LIST OF NOAH'S ARK

IT is probable the human population of this earth, itself only a spinning atom in sidereal darkness, rises to upward of two billions, and is certainly not less than 1,650,000,000. But how many creatures of all kinds has prolific nature spawned upon this relatively minute speck in cosmos? If Noah took a pair of every living species aboard his ark, how vast an army did he have with him on his great flotation, and how large must have been that mighty bark?

Sir E. Ray Lankester gives some illuminating and surprising figures in his "Secrets of Earth and Sea." He says that it is, to be sure, impossible to estimate the number of individuals in existence. But naturalists have identified and classified a huge number of kinds, breeds or, more correctly, species of animals and plants. Not all, it is certain. There are 10,000 species of mammals, about 14,000 of birds, 7,000 of reptiles, 15,000 species of fishes, 500,000 sorts of six-legged insects, 14,000 of crustacea such as the shrimps, lobsters and crabs; 62,000 of molluscs, such as snails, mussels, oysters, and the like; 5,000 corals and polyps, 3,000 sponges, 6,000 microscopic protozoa, and many others.

In all about 800,000 species of animals have been found. The scientist says probably as many more remain to be recognized and described. A single species may contain far more individuals than there are men on earth.

"The total number of described species of plants," adds Sir Ray, "has never been estimated, but some idea may be formed from the fact that 1,860 species of flowering plants alone have been found in Britain, 17,000 in British India, 22,000 in Brazil, not to mention those of Australia and Africa! These figures do not include the vast number of flowerless plants.

NEW FIND OF OLDEST TREES

THE petrified forest has been one of the marvels of geology since the great uprising of that science in the middle of the last century. Most of the petrified forests are of the coal period, but some are of the much remoter Devonian age. Recently a find of Devonian trees has been made in New York State. It is described by Dr. John M. Clark in the Scientific Monthly.

A great autumn freshet in the valley of the Schoharie Creek in 1869 tore out ridges, culverts and road-beds around the village of Gilboa, and exposed in the bedrock of the hills a series of standing stumps of trees, petrified. These stumps stood all on the same level in the rocks and their rootlets ran down into the original mud, now turned into a dark or greenish shale. The old locality has long been deeply covered, and the rocks of the level that carried the trees do not come to the surface again in the vicinity.

An effort of rediscovery made in recent months has been attended with unexpected results. Investigators have found the stumps of other trees of the same sort at a level sixty feet higher in the rock beds, giving evidence that the forest growths here had reappeared in the same region at a later stage in Devonian history.

This Schoharies Forest is the earliest of all recorded forests of the earth. The trees are most nearly comparable to the tree ferns of existing tropical forests, but no botanist would be content with this comparison, as they have certain resemblances to the maple. If their diameter is carried upward in a tapering slope these trees must have reached the very considerable height of 20 or 30 feet, but it is possible that the trunks broke up not so far above their base into a shrubby or bushy cap. Their real nature is still a problem to the student of fossil plants, but, whatever the nature of this primitive forest growth may prove to be, we may think of it as being almost the earliest expression of the successful effort in the plants to acquire and keep an upright position. Not long before, as geologic time is reckoned, the plants had been wholly aquatic, and the picture is presented to us now of the upward struggle toward better opportunity of growth and freer development into the all surrounding air.

One Hundred Pounds Of Gold

By JERRY O'BRIEN

A FIRM of merchants in Boston—two brothers—received in the month of March a consignment of gold-dust from the Brazils. It arrived in due course, enclosed in two boxes, marked B. C., and numbered eighteen and nineteen, and, according to the manifest, the value was twenty-five thousand dollars, while the weight was one hundred-weight. Following the instructions of their clients abroad, the brokers immediately forwarded the cases by steamer to New York, addressed to the Brazilian Company at the Bank of America, but consigned to a firm of wharfingers having offices in Brooklyn, at whose wharf the boxes were to be delivered.

The steamer—the *City of Limerick*—had a safe run to New York. and the captain of the vessel deposited the gold-dust with the representatives of the firm in Brooklyn on Monday morning, the 25th of March, at their wharf, giving it into the custody of two clerks, and taking a receipt for the cases. This was about ten o'clock, and on the same forenoon, within an hour of its arrival, the gold-dust was stolen, having been obtained by a forged order and a letter, and was carried off in a taxicab by some persons.

Thus far I, detective Jerry O'Brien, was informed by the manager to the wharfingers, who called at the office to report the robbery, having been previously, he stated, to the Central Office to give information there. Then, receiving instructions from my superiors to investigate the affair, I went with the manager, whose name was Casper, to the wharf to make inquiry as to the description of the man or men who had taken the boxes of gold-dust away. Having satisfied myself as to this, we adjourned to the office in Brooklyn, where I was shown two letters.

These presumably had been sent by the Boston consignees, one being addressed to Mr. Carson's employers, the other to W. Black. The latter purported to be an order for the cases marked B. C., 18 and 19. Both letters were now said to be forgeries, and on examining them I noticed that the direction of the one addressed to Mr. Blank had been torn off, and I asked the manager how this happened.

Carson replied that he did not know how to account for it, or how it became torn off; that, in fact, he knew nothing about it.

The manager then submitted to me a number of letters from Boston, with the name of the firm there at the bottom, and after I had compared them with the two which I have before described, asked me if I did not think the writing was the same.

"Certainly not," I replied, for it required but a brief glance to assure me that it was not.

"The signature, I mean," added Mr. Caspar.

After examining them, I admitted that they really were alike.

"Just so," remarked Mr. Caspar; "and it was on the faith of the signature that I delivered the cases."

"Will you please state to me again," I said, after a short consideration of the matter, "the precise circumstances under which you delivered this missing gold?"

The manager answered that a gentleman had called at the office and presented the letter from Mr. Blank, but that he could not say whether it was Mr. Blank himself or a person he had sent. Believing the signature to be genuine, and that it had come from the firm at Boston, he (Caspar) had written the order at the bottom to the clerk in charge at the wharf to have the boxes delivered to the bearer.

He further stated that shortly after giving this order the idea occurred to him that there was something wrong; and with this fancy in his head he hastened to the wharf to stop the delivery, but arrived too late. On his arrival he found that a person had called and taken the gold away in a cab. Still suspicious, he had made additional inquiries, when, to his dismay, he had discovered that the cases ought to have been delivered to the Brazilian Company at the Bank of America.

"And what sort of a person was it, Mr. Caspar, who produced the letter and to whom you gave the order?" I inquired.

"A man about my own height," answered the manager. "About sixty years of age, and with very gray hair and whiskers."

Now Mr. Caspar, I may premise, was a person standing some five feet five inches, a few years short of thirty in age, and with a foreign cast of countenance. I may also as well remark now that his father was a watchmaker, and that the family, as I subsequently ascertained, were presumed to be most respectable.

When at length I left the offices in Brooklyn, it was with the hope of being able to trace the taxi in which the gold had been taken away from the wharf, as, if I could discover the driver, the arrest of the guilty parties would only be a question of time. If I could rely upon the information I had obtained, there must have been two people at least engaged in the robbery; for while Caspar described the person to whom he had given the order as short, aged and gray-haired, the clerk at the wharf had told me that

the man who took the cases away stood nearly six feet, was between thirty and forty years of age, and had black hair.

All that Monday afternoon I devoted to making inquiries after the cab chauffeur, but in the result quite unsuccessfully. In the evening, about eight o'clock, I was at the steamboat office, endeavoring to get a clue, when who should walk in but Newin Caspar. He was carrying a bag, and was accompanied by an elderly man, whom he introduced as his father. He asked if the boat had gone, and told me it was his intention to proceed to Boston that night to make some inquiries there on the subject of the robbery.

The steamer had started, however, some little time, so that Mr. Caspar was too late; but I suggested a cab to the railway station. He thanked me for my advice, and asked if I would mind accompanying him and his father, as he wanted to talk with me, and we could have a chat as we drove along. To this I consented, and we all three got into a vehicle for the purpose of proceeding to the railway station. On the way the manager told me that one of the firm by whom he was employed—the chief partner was absent—had ordered bills to be printed offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the apprehension of the offenders, and remarked what a good thing it would be for me if I could succeed in earning it.

After all, Lewin Caspar did not go to Boston that night, for when we reached the depot the train had gone, and we had our drive for no purpose. On our way back through the city, however, I may mention that I called at the D—— Hotel to make inquiry respecting some gentlemen who had arrived by the Boston train that same morning, and who had stopped there. One of these passengers, as it happened, answered exactly the description given by the manager, of the person who had presented the forged letter to him, and to whom he had handed the order for the gold-dust. But, as it subsequently turned out, this individual was as innocent as I was of any complicity in the robbery.

But the next day I got a clue. I succeeded in tracing the taxicab in which the gold-dust had been removed from the place. The chauffeur of the first vehicle engaged had taken a tall man, black-haired, to the wharf from whence the two cases had been stolen, and from thence had conveyed his fare, with the boxes, to a hotel in Grand street. There they had remained for a short while, as if waiting for some one to arrive, and from thence driven eastward to another hotel, at which the fare alighted with his boxes, being assisted by the chauffeur to get them out.

Later on a second chauffeur had taken up this tall, dark man and his two heavy cases and had driven him to East 12th street, where he entered a house, which seemed to be his home, and the number of which I obtained—in fact, the cab chauffeur drove me there. I was too late, however, for the bird had flown, and had left no trace by which I could track him.

But this I discovered: A tall, dark man, named Henry Moss, and his wife had lived there for the best part of a year, and had left suddenly the day before, some men—strangers in the neighborhood—removing their belongings on a truck. They had gone. No one could tell me where, nor give me information as to any person with whom they were acquainted. On examining the rooms which the Mosses had lately occupied, however, I found in the fire-place of the rear room several pieces of half-burnt wood, and also a number of nails of a somewhat peculiar description; and these, I came to the conclusion, were the remains of what had been the cases containing the gold.

I had decided in my own mind, spite the high character which they bore, that the Caspars, both father and son, were implicated, and were two of the principals in connection with the robbery.

There is one circumstance which gave rise to my suspicion against young Caspar; he was shortly to quit his situation. His salary was low, and it appeared that about a month previous to the robbery he had made application to the principal partner to have his pay increased. This, however, had been objected to, and he had been told by the chief that he would be glad if he could better himself elsewhere.

Having got this idea into my head about the Caspars, I had them closely watched both night and day, and by this means shortly discovered that they were on very intimate terms with a restaurant keeper named Kelly, who they frequently visited, more as friends than customers. Kelly was reputed to be wealthy, and, like the Caspars, he bore a good character in his neighborhood.

When almost on the point of despair, however, I got a new ray of hope from another quarter. I discovered the men who had removed Moss's goods from East 12th street, and from these men I learned that they were taken to a house in Bethune street; but on inquiring at the latter address, I found that Moss had again beat it, without leaving a trace. The moving men told me that when they went to East 12th street one of the boxes which they had to take away was so heavy that they could scarcely lift it, and that it required their joint exertions to carry it and put it on the truck. Its contents appeared to be a very solid substance, did not move or rattle, but seemed to lie quite still. Mr. Moss, too, asked them to be very careful of it, and followed the truck as if watching them closely.

Kelly had a daughter named Alice Reid who was a widow and resided with her father. After a time my brother officer and I discovered that she was in the habit of visiting the West Side of the town frequently. Thrice she had been followed at a distance, but each time lost sight of most unaccountably when turning into Manhattan

street, and was not seen again that day. I determined to watch this woman myself, and did so, but twice with the same result as the other officers. I was but a few yards behind her when she turned out of the main thoroughfare, and yet when I got to the end of Manhattan street a moment or two later she had disappeared.

On the third occasion the same thing occurred, but that time luck favored me. After waiting for a considerable time I gave her up, and walked as far as Broadway, when, as I was passing along, who should I see but Mrs. Reid coming out of a shop, and, what was more, the shop of a goldsmith and refiner named Soltmons. Although I knew nothing against him, I was aware that he dealt largely in precious metal.

My first idea was to enter the shop and make inquiries, but on a little consideration I decided to wait a while, and have a watch set on the premises, to see if Alice Reid paid another visit there. Oddly enough, as it subsequently turned out, just as I had arrived at this conclusion and was moving on, a tall man, with raven-black hair, passed me. In appearance he answered exactly to the description which I had had of Henry Moss, and I determined to follow him.

As usual there were a good many people in upper Broadway, but I took care not to lose sight of my man. When he reached Wellington street he turned toward the river. Finally I tracked him into a house not far removed from the spot on which now stands a railway station.

If this man was Henry Moss, I had a warrant for his apprehension; but although I might have arrested him in the street, I waited until he had entered the house at which he stopped and knocked. It was nearly dusk now, but from the other side of the street, along which I sauntered, I could make out that it was a woman who let him in. I had not quite made up my mind whether I should get assistance or try to take my prisoner single-handed.

Eventually I determined on the latter course, and, after giving my man some quarter of an hour to settle down, I crossed the street, and gave a single knock, as might have done some boy with a message. Presently the door was opened by a good-looking girl, and, without speaking a word, I pushed past her into the hall. The woman uttered a scream, either alarmed by my abrupt entrance or suspecting my business, but almost at the same moment I was in the front ground-floor room. By the firelight I saw that the man I had followed was sitting there, without his coat; but he instantly sprang to his feet, and seized a chair as a weapon, which, for an instant, he seemed about to hurl at my head.

"Put that chair down, Moss," I said. "If you attempt violence, it will be the worse for you. I am a cop, and hold a warrant for your arrest. It's a recent gold robbery."

By this time his wife had entered and rushed to her husband's side. She whispered a few words to him, which evidently were those of entreaty, and, after a momentary hesitation, the man put down the chair, and told me coolly enough that he gave himself up.

He made no further attempt at resisting, but put on his coat and hat and accompanied me quietly into the street, where I got him into a cab. On the way to the police station he told me that he had been but the tool of others in connection with the robbery, and then subsequently gave us full information as to the guilty parties. This, no doubt, was mainly with the hope that he might escape punishment by giving State's evidence, which, in the end, he was permitted to do.

His story was, that he had known the elder Caspar for about sixteen years, and was also well acquainted with his son Lewin. As early as the previous October, they had told him that they should require his services in an affair which would some day come off, and that he would be well paid for his trouble. By the request of the younger Caspar, who had wished to see his writing, he had written down his address shortly before the robbery. Lewin then gave him the forms of two letters, and told him to copy them, and he also gave him another letter, and asked him to imitate that writing as closely as possible. Then he described how, by the connivance of the younger Casper, and from the instructions which he had received, he had been able to obtain possession of the two boxes of gold-dust, and drive off with them.

Kelly, it appeared from our prisoner's statements, was as guilty as the rest—possibly the moving spirit in the robbery, for it was through his agency that the gold had been sold to Soltmons, who had purchased it at $15 an ounce, knowing it to be stolen goods. Kelly's daughter, Alice, had acted as the messenger, carrying the gold dust from where it was concealed, in small quantities to Soltmons, who immediately put it into a crucible and melted it down.

On this information I arrested the two Caspars and Kelly, taking them all together at the house of the latter, where they had assembled. At the same time I had Alice apprehended, and almost simultaneously Soltmons, the receiver. This last named rascal had, it seemed, paid Kelly through his daughter, nearly $5,000 in gold, besides giving an I O U for $9,000.

The trial of the gang lasted eight days, and created great excitement. Soltmons had been previously tried and sentenced for receiving, and he, with Moss, gave evidence against the others. Lewin Caspar was found guilty by the jury as an accessory before the fact; Ellis Caspar, his father, as an accessory before and after the fact; Alice was also found guilty, but recommended to mercy on the plea that she was acting under the advice and influence of her father.

The Great Pyramid

THE construction of the great pyramid shows that the earth had been measured, that the meridians had been traced, that the distance between the earth and the sun had been calculated and that the earth's circumference was known more than 4,000 years ago.

Undoubtedly a profound knowledge of astronomy existed among the Egyptian priests who drew the plans for the pyramids and ordered the armies of slaves who cut the gigantic rocks and placed them in a geometrical form, says the New York *Herald*. All the pyramids hold corridors, anterooms and other chambers, whose entrances were concealed by their builders—as it has been supposed—to maintain the inviolability of the tomb. The hieroglyphics that cover the inner walls of the corridors and the rooms were first deciphered by Champollion, who found them to be panegyrics upon the achievements of the dead. But if the Egyptian pyramids served as sepulchres, their construction was ruled by something more impersonal than the commemoration of the mortal. It is supposed that the great Cheops was built under the fourth dynasty, about 4,000 years before the Christian era, but while all the work of the monument was very carefully finished, no trace of any date or inscription has been found. Until the time of the Arab conquest the pyramid was supposed to be solid, and many years passed before the entrance leading to the chambers was discovered. The "King's chamber," the "Queen's chamber" and the "subterranean chamber" contain no carvings or decorations of any kind, nothing to indicate the meaning of the monument.

Archeologists who had investigated the meaning and purpose of the great pyramid came presently to the conclusion that it was not built to commemorate the dead; still later, it was decided that the wise men of antiquity—the priests of Egypt—had inspired the construction of the great pyramid to furnish precise data relating to the science of the stars for the benefit of the generations to come.

The first revelation of the real nature of this gigantic monument dates from the eighteenth century. When the savants who accompanied Bonaparte's expedition resolved to effect the triangulation of Egypt, the great pyramid served them as the point of departure of a central meridian. They had not proceeded far in their work when they found that the prolonged diagonals of the pyramids exactly contained the delta of the Nile, and that the meridian passing over the summit divided the delta into two equal sections. It was evident that the builders of the monument had been masters of geometry, and closer researches into their work proved that they had been incomparable geographers. Of all earthly meridians that of the great pyramid is the ideal, because it is the meridian which crosses the most continents and the fewest seas.

If a circle parallel to the equator is drawn to pass the thirtieth degree of latitude, that circle is that which encloses the greatest continental extent. The latitude of the pyramid's summit is 29 degrees 58 minutes 51 seconds. If the architect calculated the site as it would be calculated by a man standing at the foot of the edifice and seeing the pole of the heavens at a height of 30 degrees, he had to reckon in presence of a phenomenon known as atmospheric refraction—the phenomenon of the deflection of a ray of light. A ray of light is not seen in its real site because the atmospheric density deviates it from its route. In the case under consideration theoretically the latitude of the summit of the pyramid is 29 degrees 58 minutes 51 seconds and 22 hundredths. The latitude of the summit is 29 degrees 58 minutes 51 seconds. The difference, 22 hundredths, is so slight as to be insignificant.

The orientation of pyramids is always approximate only. But this is not the case with that of Cheops. Its four sides serving as a base very exactly cover the four cardinal points, the difference being hardly 4½ minutes. When it is remembered that even in this age, and given all the precision of the modern compass, it is very hard to determine the orientation of an edifice, it seems highly probable that the architect who oriented the great pyramid had at his disposal means furnished by high scientific research. Here is a case where doubt is impossible. The architect of the great pyramid was past master of astronomy, geometry and geography. The priests of ancient Egypt were as intimately familiar with geometry as with physics.

The Egyptian passed away and research assumed another aspect and gave other results. The geometricians of later antiquity knew less than the men who planned the pyramid. Herodotus declared that the Egyptian priests taught him that the proportions of the great pyramid between the side of the base and the height exactly equalled the surface of each of the triangular spaces. The geometricians of antiquity had an idea of the relation of the circumference to the diameter. But the men of earlier days knew. There can be no question that the great pyramid was intended to stand forever as a record of mathematical relations. Everything in its dimensions—inside and outside—shows that the Egyptian priests had precise notions concerning things set forth by scientists of later ages as matters of recent discovery. To find how much

the builders of the pyramid knew of simple mathematics the student has only to calculate the proportions of the great pyramid. His calculation will show him that the pyramid's architect calculated his circumference by multiplying the diameter by 3.1416.

In all ages men have sought to measure the distance between the sun and the earth. The Greeks fixed that distance at less than a hundred miles. In the time of Louis XIV. it was believed that 125,000,000 kilometres was a better estimate. Celestial photography has made it possible for astronomers to determine very approximately what distance separates the earth from the central planet. Recent measurements give a distance of 149,400,000 kilometres. Now, by multiplying the height of the great pyramid by one million we find the distance between the sun and the earth in kilometres—148,208,000.

The Egyptians did not limit their calculations. They measured the earth and created terms for their measures. The Egyptian cubit seems to have been based on the dimensions of the earth. The polar radius of the earth, according to recent measurements made by the astronomer, Clarke, is 6,356,521 metres. This number is none other than the pyramidal cubit multiplied by 10,000,000. The Egyptians must have measured different degrees of meridian very carefully to have come so close to the latest modern astronomical calculations as to differ from them only by a few low decimals and to have adopted as a unit of linear measure the ten-millionth part of the terrestrial polar radius.

Then length of the sidereal year, the time consumed by the sun in returning to the same point in the heavens, may be found by dividing the side of the great pyramid by the cubit used in constructing the pyramid.

The beautifully carved coffer of the chamber of the king is of the same capacity as the Ark of the Covenant. It seems impossible that the analogy of capacity was a simple coincidence. It is reasonable to suppose that the later builders copied the proportions used by the first builders. The measurements of the pyramids are in evidence; they make it hard to assume that the architects were ignorant of astronomy.

Evidently the entrance passages of the great pyramid were oriented according to the system of the slow but continual shifting of the equinoxial points from east to west. The calculations for the pyramidal coffer were exact. The pole star of the epoch was the controller, and when it is remembered that the annual amount of precession is only 50 1-10th inches, it must be conceded that the men of the ancient days were careful calculators. In this relation it may be pointed out that the celestial pole coincides with the same stars every 25,765 years.

The fact that the coffer was oriented by the pole star and the precession of the equinoxes makes it easy to figure the date of the construction of the pyramid. The process which has given a result exact and in accord with the Zodiac of Denderak will, if applied to the great pyramid, give a date much more recent than that given by Egyptologists. The pyramid's own record makes the date 2170 B. C., instead of the heretofore accepted date, 4,000 years before the Christian era.

All that the world has regarded as recent triumphs of astronomy was familiarly known to the men who drew the plan for the great pyramid and recorded the sun's distance from the earth, the length of the sidereal year, the length of the earth's daily run in its orbit, the density of the terrestrial globe and the precession of the equinoxes as calculated from the pole star of the epoch in the immutable dimensions of their monument.

ROWBOATS LIKE BOWLS

THE goufas of the Tigris are wonderful! And I suppose they should remind me of something besides the "three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a tub," writes Eleanor Franklin Egan in the "Saturday Evening Post." That is exactly what they remind me of. They are perfectly round reed baskets, "covered within and without with pitch." They have curved-in brims and they look for all the world like enormous black bowls floating uncertainly about.

They are the only kind of rowboat the Bagdad people seem to know anything about, and the river at times is literally crowded with them. They roll around among the larger and more possible looking craft like a thousand huge inverted tar bubbles; and the way they are laden is a marvel and a mystery.

Many of them ply back and forth as ferry boats, and it is not at all unusual to see one of them carrying two donkeys, half a dozen sheep, a dozen people and somebody's entire stock of earthly belongings in bundles and bales. They are most pleasing to the eyes when they are carrying reeds from the marshes up river. The reeds are cut with their feathery blooms still on and are packed in a goufa in upright sheaves, the effect being a gigantic imitation of a Scotch thistle, out of the top of which, as often as not, protrude the turbanned head and brightly hooded shoulders of an Arab passenger. The men who propel the amazing craft squeeze themselves in under its curving brim and wield long paddles and poles with a skill that nothing could possibly surpass.

Current News

BATTLE RELICS IN SEEDLINGS.

Cloth of all kinds and descriptions interwoven with the roots, also bits of bones, leather, rubber and buttons, were found in the sprouts of nursery stock fruit trees which arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, recently from France. The trees were evidently grown on the battlefields of France, and in the roots of one of the sprouts was a strip of bloodstained bandage. One of the trees had grown from the seed through the link of a large watch chain.

BOYS FLEW WITH EAGLE.

Patsy Tucker, Livingston, Mont., aged ten years, is back on earth again. He has been flying with the eagles, he says. Patsy caught two bald eagles in a coyote trap. When he attempted to "hogtie" them, they started heavenward with him. He grabbed one tight and released the other. The one he held acted as a parachute in his descent. This is the story that Patsy tells. He brought back one eagle for proof and says the other still has its feet tied together.

SEEK NAPOLEONIC TREASURE IN LAKE.

Treasure seekers are to begin work soon in an effort to recover a wealth of gold and silver reported hidden from the enemy by French soldiers in a lake near Vilna during Napoleon's retreat from Russia in 1812. The task is to be undertaken by French and Polish engineers under supervision of the two Governments. A plan of the lake, marking the spot where the treasure was dropped into the water by the troops, has been recovered by the authorities. Estimates of the value of the gold and silver range from 45,000,000 to 60,000,000 gold rubles $22,500,000 to $30,000,000).

WHISKY FOUND IN PIANO.

Corporal Hopkins, a state trooper, who is aiding in the drive to dry up Orange County, N. Y., and enforce the state prohibition law, went to a roadhouse in Bloomingburgh at noon to rest from his labors.

While there he decided to have a little soothing music, so he went to the piano in the parlor and started to play. At the first chord he heard the tinkle of glass. He alleges when he opened the piano he found a stock of hidden liquor and a number of whisky glasses. As a result W. I. Nucia, manager of the inn, was held in $1,000 bail to face a charge of illegally possessing liquor.

OWNER OF ROOSTER SUED FOR LOSS EYE.

Last September Leonard P. Kingsley, 3927 North Keeler Avenue, Chicago, went to the home of his cousin, Emil Wienecke, of Barrington, Ill., to pass the week end. He took with him his wife and four-year-old daughter, Lenore.

During the stay at the farm little Lenore went out to visit the poultry. She crawled through the wire fence inclosing the chickens. A rooster feeding in the yard resented the visit and attacked the child. He fled at her and scratched her about the face and pecked out one of her eyes. The girl was rescued by her father after being scratched himself.

Kingsley, through his attorneys, filed a suit recently for $20,000 for the loss of the girl's left eye. He contends Wienecke had knowledge of the viciousness of the rooster.

OLD HEN DRAWS CHICK COLOR LINE.

Does a setting hen associate ideas with colors or has she a knowledge of arithmetic?

This is the problem that is puzzling an amateur chicken fancier who is trying to practise economy while following his favorite hobby.

A Rhode Island Red hatched seven yellow and one black chicks; three days later another hen brought forth a brood of four yellow and one black balls of fluff.

For economy's sake the second flock was doubled up with the first. The mother hen opened her wings and clucked a welcome to the newcomers and all went well until she spotted the two black chicks together. Then she saw red. One black chick was enough for her family, and she promptly pecked and chased the offending black out of her nest.

THE JAPANESE NAVY.

The latest official information concerning the construction of Japanese warships was that given in the British House of Commons April 6, 1921, by the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty. He stated that the authorized program of waships building extends to the financial year 1927-28, and the larger ships which remain to be completed include seven battleships, eight battle cruisers and four cruisers. Auxiliaries include twenty-two light cruisers, seventy destroyers and a number of river gunboats and submarines. Five capital ships are at the present time under construction. Two of them are understood to be 43,600 tons displacement, to have a primary armament of eight 16-inch guns, and a speed of thirty-three knots. Two others are of 40,600 tons displacement, and have an armament of eight or ten 16-inch guns, and a speed of twenty-three knots. The fifth has a displacement of 33,800 tons, a battery of eight 16-inch guns, and a speed of twenty-three knots.

BOSTON GIRL, 7, CREDITED WITH PSYCHIC POWERS.

Hundreds of persons from all over this section of the country are flocking daily to the barber shop at 328 Tremont Street, owned by Charles Wells, father of Thelma Wells, the seven-year-old psychic, who, it is said, has astounded Governor Cox, Harvard professors and hundreds of callers by her occult powers.

So many people are calling that Wells has stopped letting them all consult his daughter, but those who have interviewed her are said to be greatly impressed. The little girl, blindfolded and with her back to the wall, reads rapidly sentences and numbers as they are written. She gives all the well known manifestations of mind readers and mediums. One of the most astonished visitors is said to have been a Harvard professor of psychology. Governor Cox sent for the little girl and, it is said, she read his mind like an open book, but the reading is not made public.

Talking of his daughter, Wells said about a month ago he first discovered her powers. "I was writing a letter while Thelma was in the room," he said, "and heard Thelma repeating the words I had just written. I placed her facing the wall, with her back to me, and continued to write, and instantly she recited all I wrote. Words she does not even know she can read as written. Since that afternoon Thelma has never failed to hit the mark right every time."

WILD ANIMALS OF YELLOWSTONE PARK.

The sight of wild things living under natural conditions has become one of the chief charms of a vacation in the Yellowstone Park.

The wild herd of buffalo ranging in the Pelican Valley contains well over a hundred head. The tame herd, so called because they are fed hay during the winter months, totals 442 animals. About 200 mountain or big-horn sheep make the Yellowstone their home. The park superintendent considers the antelope situation serious. Only 300 head of antelope are left.

There are 800 moose in the park, which range in the upper valley of the Yellowstone River and in the Falls River Basin in the southwestern corner of the park.

In 1919 there were 50,000 elk in the Yellowstone. Today only 23,000 remain.

Deer, once so numerous, now number only 1,200 mule deer and but 100 of the white-tail species.

Beaver are reported so numerous, that there is practically no way of estimating their numbers. Almost every stream has its colonies.

Jack rabbits are quite common about Mammoth Hot Springs and Tower Falls and the snowshoe rabbit is an abundant inhabitant of the forested areas.

Canada lynx, bobcat, fox, wolverines and fishes occur in the park.

Otter, pine marten, mink, skunk, two species of weasels, flying squirrels, woodrats, pocket gophers, jumping mice, nine other species of mice and three different shrews are common everywhere, but not often seen by tourists because most of these animals are active only at night.

Coyotes, wolves and mountain lions are the most destructive of carnivorous animals and are hunted and trapped each year by the park rangers.

As the park bears attract the greatest interest it is interesting to learn that there are over 100 black bears in the park. It is also estimated that there are at least 40 grizzly bears, Yellowstone providing the last stronghold for the silver tips.

There are an even 200 different species of birds listed as occurring in the park, although only 66 are common and likely to be noted by tourists.

ISLAND OF CRIMES.

The Andamans are literally the home of assassins. The inhabitants are the most vicious members of an older civilization and the uncivilized head hunters, among whom murder is a sport and a pastime. In the settlement are about 1,700 prisoners, including 800 women. On arriving at Port Blair, the prisoners first spend six months in solitary confinement in the cellular jail on Viper Island. They are then transferred to one of the associated jails and the comparative blessing of hard labor in company with others, though still occupying separate cells at night. After a year and a half of this, they become slaves, working in and about the settlement during the day and sleeping in barracks at night, always closely guarded. At the expiration of five years, a convict becomes eligible to join the colony of "self-supporters" and live in the village, where he earns his living in his chosen way, lives in his own house, and can send for his wife and children or marry a convict woman. In a limited sense he becomes a paterfamilias, but is always carefully watched, and cannot leave the settlement without permission. Through all the stage of penal servitude caste is preserved, the high-caste Hindu not even touching a vessel that has been used by a low-caste brother, and the Mohammedans' rations are served and eaten apart from the others. Despite the rigid discipline and the vigilance of the authorities, the communal life is far from harmonious, and the more vicious often rebel. The murderers kill one another, and are in turn murdered by the treacherous Andamanese, who regard the hapless convicts and their guards as their natural prey. Occasional attempts at escape are made by the prisoners, but the efforts inevitably prove disastrous, the fugitive, finding his conditional freedom worse than servitude, either dies at the hands of the Jarawa warriors, falls a victim of fever or other disease, or starves. There is also a system in vogue by which the more friendly tribes of savages co-operate with the authorities in capturing escaped convicts and receive rewards for the return of the unhappy deserters, more often, however, the head-hunters kill the fugitive and return only the head, receiving the reward just the same, the killing adding zest to the chase and the returning of the head being the easiest and quickest way of earning the reward.

PRICKLY PEAR PEST IN AUSTRALIA.

The edges of the Downs (Australian cattle lands) have been suffering from the inroads of the prickly pear or cactus. Around Chinchilla, one hundred miles west of Toowomba, state the United States commerce reports, the pear pest is very bad and has extended over a large territory in all directions. Some of the finest of the old cattle stations have been quite ruined by it. The total area of pear-infested country in Queensland is estimated at 4,000,000 acres, and it is said that the pear is spreading at the rate of 1,000,000 acres a year. Sheep raising is impossible in the pear country; but cattle manage to exist along with the pear, and some graziers state that the cattle eat and thrive on it in times of drought. However, pastoralists generally consider it a curse and spare no pains to eradicate it from their freeholds.

CARS RUN BY LIGHTNING.

To harness the free electricity on Pike's Peak and by means of a metallic circuit conduct it to the base, there to be stored for use as motive power for the cog road—that is the scheme of the Manitou & Pike's Peak railway. In the ordinary trolley line power comes along the trolley wire from the power station, thence into the motors under the cars and returns to the earth, completing the circuit. The heavy currents on the Peak coming so quickly and so violently would, if applied direct, tear the machines to pieces within a week after operations were begun. The thing to do then is to harness this power and make it useful. They propose, therefore, to make a complete circuit which shall contain all the power needed to operate the cars and at the same time keep it from ripping up the motors in its desire to get to earth. The pole of the car will take the power in the ordinary way and transmit it to the motor, but it will return on the other wire to the power-house and not through the earth, thereby preventing the burning out of the motor. The poles which will carry these wires will each have at the top a lightning-rod designed to attract electricity which plays around the Peak so fiercely. The theory is that the poles will catch the "juice" and transmit it through the rails of the cog road to the power-house in Manitou, where it will be transformed and stored for use. They will take the electricity off the Peak and transmit it to Manitou, where it can be used for driving trains up and down.

SAFE INVESTMENT OR OUT AND OUT GAMBLE.

The Liberty Loans and the widespread investment in Government savings securities, Treasury Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates have interested many persons of small or moderate means in securities and in saving through investment. But these campaigns in many cases have failed to teach these citizens the difference between an investment, a speculation and an out-and-out gamble. It is because of this confusion that many with small incomes have been swindled through wildcat stocks and get-rich-quick promotion schemes.

The investment editor of World's Work offers some simple rules which should be of great service to prospective investors. He writes:

"Investment has at its first consideration safety of the principal involved and of the interest return. True investment has no other object. Speculation is buying in expectation of a rise in value or selling with a view to buying later at a lower price. Speculation must be based on faith backed by intelligent study. Otherwise it is a gamble based on pure chance."

In discussing these rules the Columbus (Ohio) Ledger says:

"Many highly moral citizens who would shun a roulette wheel as though it were a plague would be shocked to find themselves in the role of gamblers. Yet that is what they are when they 'invest,' as they call it in their ignorance, in securities which are not secure, about which they know nothing, relying simply on a 'hunch' or a 'tip' or the persuasion of a good salesman.

"Any one who has money he can afford to lose probably has a right to speculate or gamble with it if he chooses. But it is a pity for one who cannot afford to lose even a moderate sum to risk it in speculation or gambling."

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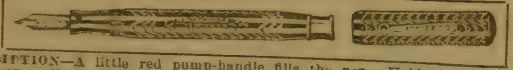

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36 "Trailed by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robert W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
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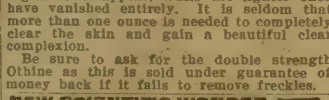

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An intricate system of canals that watered all Babylonia spreads its ruins in the sands for miles around Bagdad. One giant waterway, the Narawan, ran parallel with the Tigris for 300 miles. The date of the building of Narawan was probably about 2500 or 4000 B. C.

WHAT TO DO WHEN A SNAKE BITES YOU

Immediately after a person has been bitten by a poisonous snake, writes Dr. C. C. Graves, who has practised medicine in the tropics for many years, in the Indianapolis Medical Journal, the bitten limb should be surrounded by a tightly drawn handkerchief, as close to the bite as possible and between the trunk and the wound. The wound made by the fangs of the snake should then be freely incised with a knife and sucked. There is no danger in sucking the wound if there are no cracks or sores in the mouth or on the tongue. Do not cauterize the wounds. Do not administer alcohol in any form or ammonia internally.

The bitten person should now be removed to the nearest hospital and given antivenomous serum. This serum is a scientifically proved remedy, and to be effective must be used early, say within the first few hours after being bitten. It is the endeavor to keep a supply of this specific serum in each hospital so that all bitten persons may receive proper treatment.

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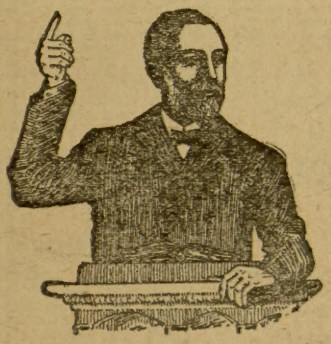

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NOTE: "The Inner Mysteries of Rheumatism" referred to above by Pastor Reed lays bare facts about rheumatism and its associated disorders overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past. It is a work that should be in the hands of every man or woman who has the slightest symptoms of rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago or gout. Any one who sends name and address to H. F. Clearwater, 534 F Street, Hallowell, Maine, will receive it by mail, postage paid absolutely free. Send now, lest you forget the address! If not a sufferer, cut out the explanation and hand it to some afflicted

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INDIAN'S SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH

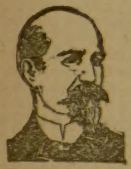

Photo when bald.

"At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian 'medicine man' who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly.

Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved."

How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair

It has been proved in very many cases that hair roots did not die even when the hair fell out through dandruff, fever, *alopecia areata* or certain other hair or scalp disorders. Miss M. D. Otto reports: "About 8 years ago my hair began to fall out until my scalp in spots was almost entirely bald. I used everything that was recommended but was always disappointed until at last I came across Kotalko. My bald spots are being covered now; the growth is already about three inches." G. W. Mitchell reports: "I had spots completely bald, over which hair is now growing since I used Kotalko." Mrs. Matilda Maxwell reports: "The whole front of my head was as bald as the palm of my hand for about 15 years. Since using Kotalko, hair is growing all over the place that was bald." Many more splendid, convincing reports from satisfied users.

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FOR FALLING HAIR
BALDNESS, DANDRUFF
For Sale at all Busy Drug Stores

Kotalko is wonderful for women's hair.

KOTALKO contains GENUINE BEAR OIL and other potent ingredients. No alcohol, no shampoo; but a hair elixir of wonderful efficacy. All ingredients are safe and harmless, even for a child's scalp and hair. Positively KOTALKO is one delightfully reliable hair preparation that succeeds upon genuine merit. Buy a box of KOTALKO at the drug store. Or ask for Kotalko at the toilet goods or drug counter of any large department store. Remember the name. Accept nothing else as "just as good." $300.00 GUARANTEE. Or if you send 10 cents (silver or stamps), you will receive a PROOF BOX of Kotalko with BROCHURE, postpaid. Determine NOW to eliminate DANDRUFF, to treat BALDNESS, to STOP HAIR FROM FALLING. Get a box of guaranteed KOTALKO, apply once or twice daily; watch in your mirror. For PROOF BOX (10 cents, none otherwise) write to

KOTALKO OFFICES, BA-374, Station X, New York

FLOWERS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES

Did you know that some of the commonest of our garden and field flowers take their names from foreign languages? By finding out the meaning of these words we see the fancied resemblance suggested in the names.

Rhododendron comes from the word rhodon which means "rose," and dendron which means tree. Thus the whole word means rose tree. Pansies were named from the French word pensee, meaning "thought." Verbena gets its name from the Latin word for "twig," iris from the Greek word for "rainbow," and aster from the Greek word for "star."

Buttercups received their name because people thought that cows that ate them gave the best milk for making butter. It has since been proved that cows do not eat the little flowers we call "buttercups," but the name is so pretty that we have kept it.

Foxglove comes from "folk's glove," which means "fairy's glove," for the fairies were known as the "good folks."

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